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ANTHOLOGIA ANGLICA.

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ANTHOLOGIA ANGLICA.

A NEW SELECTION FROM THE ENGLISH POETS

FROM SPENSER TO SHELLEY.

WITH SHORT LITERARY NOTICES.

BY

HOWARD WILLIAMS, M.A.



How charming is Divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets.'

Comus.

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PREFACE.

IF to *please* is the peculiar and primary object of poetry, to *instruct* ought to be scarcely less the office of the divine art. The specious but imaginary idea of Plato of the intimate connection between corporeal beauty and mental excellence, so charmingly expressed by Spenser—

So every spirit as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight :
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make ;

is applicable to the intimate union that ought to exist between the beautiful and the true in poetry. Yet the world in general seems to hold that mere sentimental pleasure is, and ought to be, the sole end and purpose of the poetic art ; that truth and instruction are quite beyond its legitimate province. That it is not the proper purpose of poetry to be didactic in the sense of teaching theological dogma, or the facts of natural science, or, even of displaying the interesting enquiries of metaphysical speculation, may be readily admitted. But if it is *meant, as it seems* to be by most people,

that it has no sort of concern with *moral* truths, with the subsidiary enforcement and exaltation of practical morality, it is difficult to understand the reason or justness of so arbitrary a law. *Poesy*, as its original name implies, is, indeed, *par excellence*, the art of creation and invention. In the larger, and in the best interpretation, however, it means ‘the best thoughts in the best language;’ and, according to this modern definition, truth, no less than imagination, must necessarily be of the essence of its highest forms.

The poet, in the exercise of his highest function, is the prophet of his time, and, indeed, of all times: not, in the vulgar sense, predictive, but (if the word may be so used) predicative—not an oracle-monger or a diviner of dreams, but a preacher of truth. It is in this exalted sense that the best poets of modern times—a Shakespeare, a Cowper, and a Shelley—claim so unapproachable a position in comparison with the purely intellectual master-spirits of the old world.*

A very considerable proportion of the world will scarcely even listen to truth unless it be presented to them, as it were by surprise, in the insinuating disguise of fable and fiction. So with poetry, with this difference, that, instead of allegorical insinuation which, after all, must often fail of its mark, a truth in poetry should arise directly and naturally, though incidentally, from the particular subject of the poet, as, notably, in

* An exception may possibly be made in favour of Euripides, who, in some of his works, seems to be conscious of something of the prophetic spirit.

those truly didactic poems, *The Seasons* and *The Task*. Tasso has reminded us that—

Là corre il mondo ove più versi
Di sue dolcesse il lusinghier Parnaso,
E che 'l vero condito in molli versi
I più schivi allettando ha persuaso.
Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso :
Socchi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve.

It is their clear consciousness and recognition of the moral principle which makes every reader of true taste and sensibility prefer the style of Thomson, or Cowper, or Shelley, in their different manners, to the mechanical excellence of Pope, or even to the exquisite but somewhat artificial charms of Byron. In prose fiction, it is this moral purpose which, in actual interest and value, raises the *real* style of Dickens above the *romantic* school of Scott; the school of nature and feeling above that of mere art and sentiment.

These remarks may serve at once to explain the principle of the present selection, and as a reason for an addition to the already somewhat extensive catalogue of manuals of English poetry. While, in the first place, it has been attempted to present to the reader all that is most beautiful and sublime in the region of pure poetic fancy, it has also been a principal object to collect, as far as possible, all that is most true and valuable in thought. If for music and melody, of the very essence in fact of their languages, the poetry of old Hellas and of modern Italy, of Homer, Sophokles,

Pindar, Anakreon, of Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Petrarca, may claim a just pre-eminence ; for vigour of thought and expression, for reason and morality, the best English poetry stands alone and unrivalled by that of any age or country. The *Anthologia Anglica* has been compiled, it may be hardly necessary to add, with special reference to that very numerous class of readers who have not the leisure to search out for themselves the most beautiful and most valuable of the flowers often almost concealed by the very luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, in the garden of English poetry. If it may prove the humble means of attracting the attention of any to some hitherto overlooked poetic beauties, its object will have been sufficiently accomplished.

The brief notices prefixed to each poet pretend to nothing more than to be epitomes of the principal facts in his literary history, and to serve as some sort of guide to his best productions.

The spelling of Spenser has been modernised in every case except where the occasional exigency of his verse requires the retention of the old orthography, which, to ordinary readers at least, must appear strange or even grotesque. In conclusion, for the permission to use the copyright poems my acknowledgments are due to the courtesy of the respective proprietors.

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ANTHOLOGIA ANGLICA.

SPENSER.

1553–1599.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579, a pastoral poem in twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year.—*The Faery Queen*, 1590–96, the great romance-epic upon which the title of Spenser to a place in the foremost rank of the poets of all time depends, in six books, dedicated to the Queen (as his first work had been inscribed to his patron and friend Sir Philip Sidney), who was not too obscurely complimented in the character of Gloriana, the Faery Queen, or of Belphœbe, a flattering name, which to her well-known personal vanity might be more acceptable than even the other. The Queen of Faery holds high festival for twelve days, on each of which one of her knightly champions undertakes some perilous adventure. Each of these champions is made to represent a moral or religious virtue. The Red Cross Knight (St. George) representing Holiness; Britomart, the lady-knight of the third book, Chastity; Sir Artegal, of the fifth book, Justice, &c. Of the twelve books (the sacred traditional number of an epic since the *Æneis*) at first contemplated, six only ever appeared: nor is it much to be regretted, perhaps, that the original design was never completed. Illumined though it is to the end by many beauties, the interest of the poem begins to diminish after the fourth book, and the reader follows the career of Sir Calidore with much less enthusiasm than he did that of Britomart.

A double meaning and purpose may be detected through the whole of the poem: the apparent superficial one of Romance with its chivalrous achievements such as could not fail to meet with the enthusiastic appreciation of the higher classes of the age; and an allegorical suggestion of the supposed graces and virtues of that—to use the language of her bishops—‘bright occidental star,’ and of the ultimate triumphant discomfiture of her various malevolent foes.—*Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (dedicated to Raleigh), 1595, a pastoral and sort of supplement to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, composed in celebration of his own return to his Irish estate and Kilcolman Castle, in which he recounts his experiences at the court and in the fashionable life of the metropolis, with a celebration of the most eminent poets of the time.—An *Epithalamium*.

of the same year, termed by his most recent editor 'the finest, the most perfect, of all his poems, the most beautiful of all bridal songs.' It celebrates his marriage with the Rosalind of his earlier poems, of whom nothing is known but that her Christian name was Elizabeth.—*A Hymn of Heavenly Love*, and *A Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*, with the *Prothalamium* or *A Spousal Verse*, in honour of the double marriage of the ladies Elizabeth and Katharine Somerset, were his last productions. Strange as it seems, the author of *The Faery Queen*, the adulator of Elizabeth and the friend of Sidney and Raleigh, died in almost absolute poverty, apparently, in obscure lodgings in London.

Of the personal history of Spenser not very much more is known than of Shakespeare's. It is an ungrateful task to be obliged to record that the little that is known of his life in Ireland at his far-famed Kilcolman Castle, where the larger part of his great poem was composed, in relation to his tenants, shows him not in the most amiable light, or in the character we would fain imagine to belong to so charming a genius.

The appearance of *The Faery Queen* marks an ever-memorable epoch in the history of English poetry. Spenser may be called the second father of English poetry. The *Canterbury Tales*, 'that well,' as he himself terms it, 'of English undefiled,' had appeared two hundred years before; and stands alone and isolated in the age in which it was produced. The influence of Spenser upon his great successors, especially upon Milton, Thomson, Shelley, in different degrees and manner, and indeed upon a considerable proportion of English poetry ever since, it would be difficult to overestimate. He was the first to adopt the *ottava rima* of Ariosto and the Italian school, one of the most effective kinds of poetic forms, which he improved by the addition of the Alexandrine, as it is called, the ninth and concluding verse of the stanza. As to its versification, its peculiar characteristics are a harmony and melody which have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. *The Faery Queen* is a veritable land of faery, wandering in which the imagination is charmed in being withdrawn from the stern realities, the littlenesses and annoyances, of every-day life into the most delightful and seductive scenes ever conjured up by the magic wand of the poet. Spenser is pre-eminently the poet of beauty, whether in picturing the charms of feminine loveliness, or those of birds and woods and fountains. It is to be regretted that he was tempted by his admiration for Chaucer to adopt his antique diction and phraseology; an unfortunate choice which has doubtless deterred many, unacquainted with early English, from doing him justice by reading him through continuously. For the benefit, however, of such readers, editions have been published of late with a spelling of more modern date. Of his special merits it has been justly said that 'he threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been

since. It must certainly be owned that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterise the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes. . . . The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design by the magic of his colouring. We always rise from perusing him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination.'—(*Campbell's Specimens.*)

FAERY QUEEN.

THE DUNGEON OF PRIDE.

'The porcelain clay of human-kind.'

XLV

In a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of caitiff wretched thralls, that wailed night and day.

XLVI

A rueful sight as could be seen with eye,
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise
Through wasteful Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyranness
Provoked with Wrath and Envy's false surmise,
Condemned to that dungeon merciless,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchedness.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him as only God to call upon ;
Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,
Into an ox he was transformed of yore.
There also was King Croesus, that enhanced
His heart too high through his great riches' store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanced
His cursed hand 'gainst God, and on His altars danced

XLVIII

And them longtime before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warray'd ;
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obey'd.
There also was that mighty monarch lay'd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
And would as Ammon's son be magnified,
Till, scorned of God and man, a shameful death he died.

XLIX

All these together in one heap were thrown,
Like carcasses of beasts in butchers' stall,
And in another corner wide were strown
The antique ruins of the Romans' fall :
Great Romulus, the grandsire of them all ;
Proud Tarquin and too lordly Lentulus ;
Stout Scipio, and stubborn Hannibal ;
Ambitious Sulla, and stern Marius ;
High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

L

Amongst these mighty men were women mixed ;
 Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke :
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixed
 With son's own blade her foul reproaches spoke :
 Fair Sthenebœa, that herself did choke
 With wilful cord for wanting of her will :
 High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting herself did stoutly kill :
 And thousands more the like that did that dungeon fill.

LI

Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls,
 Which thither were assembled day by day
 From all the world, after their woful falls,
 Through wicked pride and wasted wealth's decay.
 But most of all which in that dungeon lay,
 Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers,
 Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftless hours,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stoures.
 (I. 5.)

 THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

SIR GUYON ON THE ISLAND OF THE ENCHANTRESS.*

XII

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
 Amongst wide waves set, like a little nest,
 As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
 Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :

* Compare with the originals in *Odysseia V.*, and in *Orlando Furioso VIII.*, Kalypso's Isle and Alcina's Palace.

No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and throw her sweet smells al
around.

XIII

No tree whose branches did not bravely spring ;
No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit ;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
No song but did contain a lovely ditt.
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed fit
For to allure frail mind to careless ease :
Careless the man soon waxed, and his weak wit
Was overcome of thing that did him please ;
So pleased did his wrathful purpose fair appease.

XIV

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and filled with pleasures vain,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him down upon a grassy plain ;
And her sweet self without dread or disdain
She set beside, laying his head disarmed
In her loose lap, it softly to sustain,
Where soon he slumbered fearing not be harmed :
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetl
charmed.

XV

Behold, O man ! that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whilst nothing envious nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap ; how no man knows,

They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows ;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

XVI

‘The lily, lady of the flowering field,
The flower-deluce, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour :
Lo ! lo ! how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamour ;
Yet neither spins nor cards, nor cares, nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets,

XVII

‘Why then dost thou, O man ! that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature sovereign,
Wilfully make thyself a wretched thrall,
And waste the joyous hours in needless pain,
Seeking for danger and adventures vain ?
What boots it all to have, and nothing use ?
Who shall him rue that swimming in the main
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse ?
Refuse such fruitless toil, and present pleasures choose.
(II. 6.)

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place picked out by choice of best alive,
That Nature's work by Art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed round about
As well their entered guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin;
Nought feared their force that fortilage to win
But wisdom's power and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

XLIV

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seemed a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medea was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit;

His goodly conquest of the golden fleece :
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit ;
 The wondered Argo, which in venturous peace
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of
 Greece.

L

Thus being entered, they behold around
 A large and spacious plain, on every side
 Strewed with pleasance ; whose fair grassy ground
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
 With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from virgin bower she comes in th' early
 morn.

LI

Therewith the heavens always jovial
 Looked on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
 Nor suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;
 But the middle air with season moderate
 Gently attempered, and disposed so well
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome
 smell.

LII

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
 A giant babe herself for grief did kill ;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore

Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did go
 Or Ida, where the Gods loved to repair,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair ;
 Or Eden self, if ought with Eden might compar

LIII

Much wondered Guyon at the fair aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffered no delight
 To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and looked still forward rig
 Bridling his will and mastering his might,
 Till that he came unto another gate ;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did broad
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intri

LIV

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Arched overhead with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down seemed to ent
 All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered ;
 Some deep empurpled as the Hyacine,
 Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair Emeralds, not yet well ripened.

LV

And them amongst some were of burnished
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves en
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,

That the weak boughs, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adown as overburdened.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in fair weeds but foul disordered,
 And garments loose that seemed unmeet for woman-
 head.

LVI

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swelled,
 Into her cup she squeezed with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
 That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet :
 Thereof she used to give to drink to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet :
 It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

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LVIII

There the most dainty Paradise on ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does other's happiness envy ;
 The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
 And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That Nature had for wantonness ensued
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;

So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify ;
So differing both in wills agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

LX

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shining that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

LXI

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue ;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight who did not well advised it view
Would surely deem it to be ivy true :
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

LXII

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantity,

That like a little lake it seemed to be ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits' height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

LXIII

And all the margent round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed might offend.
As Guyon happened by the same to wend,
Two naked damsels he therein espied,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, nor cared to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyed.

LXIV

Sometimes the one would lift the other quite
Above the waters, and then down again
Her plunge, as overmastered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remain,
And each the other from to rise restrain ;
The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a vele,
So through the crystal waves appeared plain ;
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

LXV

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea doth rear ;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of the ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear ;

Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped down apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;
His stubborn breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

LXVI

The wanton maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
Then th' one herself low ducked in the flood,
Abashed that her a stranger did advise ;
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lily paps aloft displayed,
And all that might his melting heart entice
To her delights she unto him bewrayed ;
The rest hid underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, she low adown did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her clothed around,
And th' ivory in golden mantle gowned ;
So that fair spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no less fair was found.
So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII

Withal she laughed, and she blushed withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spied the knight to slack his pace

Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did increase,
And to him beckoned to approach more near,
And shewed him many sights that courage cold could
rear.

LXIX

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebuked those wandering eyes of his,
And counselled well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss,
Of her fond favourites so named amiss ;
When thus the palmer : ‘ Now, Sir, well advise ;
For here the end of all our travail is ;
Here wons Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.’

LXX

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be ;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

LXXI

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
Th’ angelical soft trembling voices made
To th’ instruments divine response meet ;

The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
 The waters' fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

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LXXIV

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay :
 ' Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day.
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may :
 Lo ! see soon after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth' broad display :
 Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away.

LXXV

' So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower :
 Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
 Of many a lady and many a paramour.
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower ;
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayest loved be with equal crime.'

LXXVI

He ceased : and then gan all the quire of birds
 Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.
 The constant pair heard all that he did say,

Yet swerved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin ;
And was arrayed, or rather disarrayed,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather showed more white, if more might be :
More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

LXXVIII

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be filled ;
And yet, through languor of her late sweet toil,
Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth distilled,
That like pure orient pearls adown it trilled ;
And her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight,
Moistened their fiery beams, with which she thrilled
Frail hearts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more
bright.

(II. 12.)

CELESTIAL AIDANCE.*

I

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But oh! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying poursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward.
 Oh! why should heavenly God to men have such
 regard?

(II. 8.)

* Compare with this charming poetic *fiction* the fancies of Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 423-431, and iv. 677, 678. For a particular instance, see the exquisite concluding verses of *Æneis* iv., where the Queen of Heaven despatches her celestial 'messenger' to the relief of the suffering Dido:

Longum miserata dolorem,
 Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo.
 Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus, &c.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

XXXVII

INTO the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankincense I found
And odours rising from the altars' flame.
Upon a hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All decked with crowns and chains and garlands gay,
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay ;
And all the ground was strewed with flowers as fresh
as May.

XXXVIII

A hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,
That with the steam thereof the Temple sweat,
Which rolled in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire :
And eke a hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsel hight ;
For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight.

XXXIX

Right in the midst the Goddess self did stand
Upon an altar of some costly mass,
Whose substance was uneath to understand :
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldering clay it was ;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,
Pure in aspect and like to crystal glass,
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;
But being fair and brittle, likest glass did seem.

XL

But it in shape and beauty did excel
All other idols which the heathen adore,
Far passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greek, that life forlore,
Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veil afore ;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast com-
bined.

XLI

The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples' knowledge laboured to conceal :
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the work might blame ;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name :
She sire and mother is herself alone,
Begets and eke conceives, nor needeth other none.

XLII

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue ;
Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial boys,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys,
The whilst their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother ; he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII

And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
 Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest some one, through Love's con-
 straining
 Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill :

XLIV

‘ Great Venus ! Queen of beauty and of grace,
 The joy of Gods and men, that under sky
 Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place ;
 That with thy smiling look dost pacify
 The raging seas, and makest the storms to fly ; *
 Thee, Goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
 And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
 And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous
 cheer.

XLV

‘ Then doth the dædal earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowers ;
 And then all living wights, soon as they see
 The spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,

* See the probable original in the beautiful opening verses of the
De Rerum Naturâ of Lucretius :

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
 Adventumque tuum tibi suavis dædala tellus,
 Summittit flores, &c.

They all do learn to play the paramours ;
 First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustful powers,
 Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
 And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

.

XLVII

‘ So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair ;
 Nor aught on earth that merry is and glad,
 Nor aught on earth that lovely is and fair,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare :
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
 Great God of men and women, queen of th’ air,
 Mother of laughter and wellspring of bliss,
 O grant that of my love at last I may not miss !’

XLVIII

So did he say : but I with murmur soft,
 That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
 Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
 Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilst thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
 I spied where at the Idol’s feet apart
 A bevy of fair damsels close did lie,
 Waiting when as the anthem should be sung on high.

XLIX

The first of them did seem of riper years
 And graver countenance than all the rest ;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best.

Her name was Womanhood ; that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanour wise :
 For steadfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Nor roved at random, after gazer's guise,
 Whose luring baits oftentimes do heedless hearts entice.

L

And next to her sat goodly Shamefastness,
 Nor ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
 Nor ever once did look up from her dress,
 As if some blame of evil she did fear,
 That in her cheeks made roses oft appear :
 And her against sweet Cheerfulness was placed,
 Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
 Were decked with smiles that all sad humours
 chased,
 And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

LI

And next to her sat sober Modesty,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle heart ;
 And her against sat comely Courtesy,
 That unto every person knew her part ;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence and submiss Obedience,
 Both linked together never to dispart ;
 Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
 Both garlands of his saints against their foes' offence.

LII

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate :
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sat,
 The which was all in lily white arrayed,

With silver streams amongst the linen strayed ;
 Like to the morn, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed :
 That same was fairest Amoret in place,
 Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtues' grace.
(IV. 10.)

THE MARRIAGE OF THE THAMES AND MEDWAY.

VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemn feast was there
 To all the sea-gods and their fruitful seed,
 In honour of the spousals which then were
 Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
 Long had the Thames (as we in records read)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed ;
 But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
 Nor no entreaty, to his love be led ;
 Till now at last, relenting, she to him was wed.

IX

So both agreed that this their bridal feast
 Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made :
 To which they all repaired, both most and least,
 As well which in the mighty ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brooks do wade ;
 All which not if a hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouths, and voice of brass I had,
 And endless memory that might excel,
 In order as they came could I recount them well.

X

Help, therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove,
 The nursling of Dame Memory his dear,
 To whom those rolls, laid up in heaven above,
 And records of antiquity appear,
 To which no wit of man can comen near ;
 Help me to tell the names of all those floods
 And all those nymphs, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watery gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI

First came great Neptune, with his three-forked mace,
 That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall ;
 His dewy locks did drop with brine apace
 Under his diadem imperial :
 And by his side his Queen with coronal,
 Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair,
 Whose ivory shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her own silver hair,
 And decked with pearls which the Indian seas for her
 prepare.

XII

These marched far afore the other crew :
 And all the way before them, as they went,
 Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great jolliment,
 That made the rocks to roar as they were rent.
 And after them the royal issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineal descent :
 First the Sea-gods, which to themselves do claim
 The power to rule the billows, and the waves to tame.

.

XVII

But what do I their names seek to rehearse,
 Which all the world have with their issue filled ?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contained be, and in small compass hild ?
 Let them record them that are better skilled,
 And know the moniments of passed age :
 Only what needeth shall be here fulfilled,
 T' express some part of their great equipage
 Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

XVIII

Next came the aged Ocean, and his dame
 Old Tethys, the oldest two of all the rest ;
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possest ;
 Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best
 Did first proceed, than which none more upright,
 Nor more sincere in word and deed profest ;
 Most void of guile most free from foul despite,
 Doing himself, and teaching others to do right.

XIX

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the led den of the Gods unfold ;
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous
 prize,
 The fair Tyndarid lass, he him foretold
 That her all Greece with many a champion bold
 Should fetch again, and finally destroy
 Proud Priam's town. So wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skilled ; nathless he takes great joy
 Ofttimes amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

XX

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which do the earth enrich and beautify :
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame ;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the sky ;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains high ;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die ;
Pactolus glistering with his golden flood :
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be with-
stood ;

XXI

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates,
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhone, and Alpheus still immaculate,
Oraxes feared for great Cyrus' fate,
Tibris, renowned for the Romans' fame,
Rich Oronocky, though but knowen late,
And that huge river, which doth bear his name
Of warlike Amazons, who do possess the same.

XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold !
And shame on you, O men ! which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts less hard and hold,
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons ! most pertains,
To whom the right hereof itself hath sold,
The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
Lose so immortal glory, and so endless gains.

XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
 Of dainty music, which did next ensue
 Before the spouse : that was Arion crowned,
 Who playing on his harp, unto him drew
 The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,
 Stood still by him astonished at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plain ;
 Soon after whom the lovely Bridegroom came,
 The noble Thames, with all his goodly train :
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His ancient parents, namely th' ancient Thame.
 But much more aged was his wife than he,
 The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name ;
 Full weak and crooked creature seemed she,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way
 could see.

.

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen gear
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
 That seemed like silver, sprinkled here and there
 With glittering spangs that did like stars appear,
 And waved upon, like water camelot,
 To hide the metal, which yet everywhere
 Bewrayed itself to let men plainly wot
 It was no mortal work, that seemed and yet was not.

XLVI

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
 Unto her waist, with flowers bescattered,
 The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spread
 As a new spring; and likewise on her head
 A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
 From under which the dewy humour shed,
 Did trickle down her hair, like to the hoar
 Congealed little drops which do the morn adore.

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
 One called the Theise, the other called the Crane,
 Which on her waited things amiss to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading train;
 Under the which her feet appeared plain,
 Her silver feet, fair washed against this day:
 And her before there paced pages twain,
 Both clad in colours like, and like array,
 The Don and eke the Frith, both which prepared her
 way.

XLVIII

And after these the Sea-Nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damsels, decked with long green hair,
 Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
 All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
 The gray-eyed Doris; all which fifty are,
 All which she there on her attending had:
 Swift Proto, mild Eucratè, Thetis fair,
 Soft Spio, wanton Endorè, Sao sad,
 Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galenè glad.

.

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assigned,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprear,
To bring forth storms, or fast them to upbind,
And sailors save from wrecks of wrathful wind.
And yet, besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Ocean's seed, but Jove's and Phœbus' kind ;
The which in floods and fountains do appear,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters clear.

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortal wight
To tell the sands, or count the stars on high,
Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right ;
But well I wot that these which I descry
Were present at this great solemnity :
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckless Marinel, Cymodocè ;
Which, for my Muse herself now tired has,
Unto another canto I will overpass.

(IV. 11.)

SHAKESPEARE.

1564–1616.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1593–4, displaying the poetic fire and vigour which might be expected from their author, but too voluptuously coloured by the unrestrained imagination of the poet to be generally acceptable in an age whose standard of literary propriety differs so greatly from that in which they were produced.—*Dramas*, comprising tragedies, comedies, and historical plays. Their chronology has been the subject of much elaborate but vain enquiry and dispute: almost the only evidence being derivable from hints occurring in the dramas themselves, and those, for the most part, of an extremely vague kind. A thoroughly reliable chronology, if such could possibly be ascertained, would undoubtedly be of the highest interest, as tracing with certainty the gradual development of the genius of Shakespeare. Malone, one of the best of his numerous critics, constructed a table of dates which, however, he wisely confessed to be in great measure hypothetical. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*, which may with some probability be put down to the year 1590, appears to have been one of the first of his undoubted productions.

In general all that can be asserted with confidence is that Shakespeare continued writing almost to the period of his death: and that the Roman plays were among his latest works. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his principal performances, which may be classed perhaps in the following order of merit or interest:—*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *King Henry IV.*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Richard III.*, *King John*, *King Henry VI.*, *The Tempest*, *Measure for Measure*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Cæsar*.—The *Sonnets*, composed at different periods before 1598 and first printed in 1609. In the high-flown language of the day they express an extravagant affection for the object of his worship, who was of the male sex—whoever he may have been. Hallam is tempted to wish, and probably most of the admirers of Shakespeare's genius are also tempted to wish, that the *Sonnets* had never been written, to detract in any degree from our would-be entire esteem for the personal character of the 'gentle Shakespeare.'

In the *Tears of the Muses*, in which each of those inspiring divinities is made to lament over the supposed decay of the cultivation of her particular province, Spenser thus unmistakeably alludes to the rising star :—

‘ All these, and all that else the Comic Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasaunce graced,
By which man’s life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced :
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despised, and made a laughing game.

And he the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.’

Implying, of course, not his natural but his literary death; which seems to point to an interval, for whatever reason, in his intellectual activity, and also to the already appearance of some or other of his comedies. The *Tears of the Muses* was published in the year 1591. In *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*, 1595, in celebrating his illustrious brother-poets, Spenser, while excusably reserving his highest mead of praise for his noble and gentle patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he immortalises under the name of Astrophel, did not omit to commemorate (as is with the highest degree of probability conjectured) the then almost fully expanded genius of the poet destined to eclipse himself as well as all others in fame :—

‘ And there, though last not least, is Aëtion ;
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found ;
Whose muse, full of high thoughts’ invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.’

To attempt to point out again, however briefly, the peculiar merits of those dramatic productions which are placed, by universal consent, at the very head of all poetry, would be a work of supererogation. The reason of so exalted a position is sufficiently indicated in the just eulogy of his brother-dramatist, Jonson :—

‘ He was not of an age, but for all time.’

Dryden’s concise criticism is perhaps, as far as it goes, the best ever written. ‘ He was the man,’ says he, ‘ who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him ; and he drew them not

laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature: he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike: were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets:—

“Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.”

It is not so pleasant to admit the faults as it is the excellencies of Shakespeare. Yet only ‘blind affection’ or ‘silliest ignorance’ will deny that there is much we ought to wish he had not written. Much paltry quibbling and small wit, besides a not infrequent style of bombast and obscurity. To the absurd praises of certain silly critics of the time given to him for his real or reputed neglect in correcting his writings, Jonson, whose genuine and philosophical admiration of his friend is quoted in its place, was accustomed to reply ‘would that he had blotted a thousand’ lines. Such undistinguishing and unthinking laudation in other matters, besides Shakespearian worship, is the ‘silliest ignorance’:—

‘Which, when it sounds at best, but *echoes* right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne’er advance
The truth, but gropes and urges all by chance.’

Some of the most beautiful of his gems lie embedded, as it were, in ore of a certain richness indeed but of comparatively little worth.

Of all his works, *Hamlet* is generally and justly considered the master-piece. In the way of episode, the scene in the ‘grave-yard’ for truth to nature and fine philosophic reflection is scarcely paralleled, of its kind, in all literature. Next to *Hamlet*, for beauty and pathos *Romeo and Juliet* may perhaps claim with reason the greatest admiration. To hint at all the other magnificent creations occupying the first rank amongst his thirty-four dramas would be a work of supererogation. Of his minor dramas, although it is not altogether his own, and is believed to be one of his earliest, for pathos and interest of situation *Pericles*, we venture to think, is not the least interesting and charming.

The first complete collection of the Plays appeared in the year 1623, in one folio volume.

I.

THE WORLD A STAGE.

(Jaques *loq.*)

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank : and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As You Like It, ii. 7

II.

THE RAISON D'ÊTRE.

(Hamlet *loq.*)

To be, or not to be : that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep,
No more : and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Hamlet, iii. 1.

III.

(Claudio *loq.*)

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot :
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, iii. 1.

IV.

THE TRUTH OF A DYING MAN.

(Gaunt *loq.*)

THEY say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 He that no more must say is listened more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose :
 More are men's ends marked than their lives before :
 The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Richard II., ii. 1.

V.

EXPEDIENCY.

(Bastard *log.*)

MAD world ! mad kings ! mad composition !
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;
That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids ;
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that ;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be
 To say,—there is no vice but beggary.

King John, ii. 1.

VI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

(Lorenzo *loq.*)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

* This fanciful idea, first broached by Pythagoras and his school, has been a favourite one with the poets. The Pythagorean and Platonic notion of the 'music of the spheres' originated in the idea that harmony of relation is the regulating principle of the universe. The intervals between the 'heavenly bodies' were supposed to be determined according to the laws and relations of musical harmony. 'For the heavenly bodies in their motion could not but occasion a certain sound or note, depending on their distances and velocities ; and as these were determined by the laws of harmonical intervals, the notes altogether formed a regular musical scale or harmony. This harmony, however, we do

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

.
Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

not hear, either because we have been accustomed to it from the first, and have never had an opportunity of contrasting it with stillness, or because the sound is so powerful as to exceed our capacities for hearing.' Or (in the language of the Christian Fathers, who adopted it from Plato) because the 'muddy vesture,' in which our souls are imprisoned and oppressed, hinder us from so spiritual a perception.

VII.
LA VIE RELIGIEUSE.

(Theseus loq.)

FAIR Hermia, question your desires ;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

VIII.
A LOVER'S VOW.

(Hermia loq.)

I SWEAR to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves :
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.

A Midsummer Night's Dr

IX.

MATER DOLOROSA.

(Constance *log.*)

I DEFY all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death :—O amiable lovely Death !
 Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
 And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
 And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
 O, come to me !

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pandulf. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Cons. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
 I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
 I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
 For then 't is like I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonised, cardinal.

Father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.
And so he'll die : and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

.
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

King John, iii. 4.

X.

HUMAN TYRANNY.

(Isabella *log.*)

COULD great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder ;
 Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,
 Dressed in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,*
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Measure for Measure, ii. 2.

XI.

OUTWARD SHOW.

(Bassanio *log.*)

THE world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

* 'Simia quàm similis, turpissima bestia, nobis !' is a truth, unfortunately in more respects than one, scarcely less obvious in morals than in physiology.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk !
 And these assume but vaïour's excrement
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea : the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest.

Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

XII.

ORIGIN OF THE LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

(Oberon *log.*)

THAT very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the West,*

* An equally elegant and skilful compliment to the Virgin Queen. We may also, perhaps, take it as a set-off against the somewhat ambiguous estimate of virginity and 'single blessedness' expressed just before, in an earlier part of the same play (see page 40).

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it 'love-in-idleness.'

A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

XIII.

DEATH OF OPHELIA.

(Queen *log.*)

THERE is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element : but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Hamlet, iv. 7.

XIV.

BOOK AUTHORITY.

(Biron *loq.*)

ALL delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know naught but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1.

XV.

THE FREE COURSE OF NATURE.

(Julia *loq.*)

THE current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7.

XVI.

‘VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA.’

(Valentine *loq.*)

A WOMAN sometimes scorns what best contents her :
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, ‘get you gone,’ she doth not mean ‘away !’
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces :
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1.

XVII.

REX OLIM.

(King Richard *loq.*)

OF comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death !
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been deposed ; some slain in war ;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping killed ;
All murdered :—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and, farewell king !

King Richard II., iii. 2.

XVIII.

‘The divinity that doth hedge a king.’

(King Richard *loq.*)

WE are amazed ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourselves thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship :
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

King Richard II., iii. 3.

XIX.

MADNESS.

(Ophelia *loq.*)

O, WHAT a noble mind is here o’erthrown !
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That sucked the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
 That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Hamlet, iii. 1.

(*Laertes loq.*)

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears seven times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
 Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !
 O heavens ! is 't possible a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
 Nature is fine in love : and where 't is fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

Hamlet, iv. 5.

XX.

' *Mors sola fatetur quantula sint Hominum Corpuscula.*'

(*Prince Henry loq.*)

ILL-WEAVED ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough.

First Part of King Henry IV., v. 4.

XXI.

QUEEN MAB.

(Mercutio *loq.*)

SHE is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

Romeo and Juliet, i. 4.

XXII.

LOVE ; v. LEARNING.

(Biron *loq.*)

CONSIDER what you first did swear unto,
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman :
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 And where that you have vowed to study, lords,
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence
 Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion, and long-during action tires
 The sinewy-vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is :
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?

.

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye :
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute,* strung with his hair :
 And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

* A simile borrowed by Milton in *Comus*

‘ How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.’

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs :
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3.

XXIII.

THE REASON OF MERCY.

(Portia *loq.*)

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, iv. 1.

XXIV.

‘ Whom the gods love die young.’

(Friar Laurence *loq.*)

HEAVEN and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion ;
For ’twas your heaven she should be advanced :
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She’s not well married that lives married long ;
But she’s best married that dies married young.

Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5.

XXV.

VAIN REGRETS.

(King *loq.*)

THIS battle fares like to the morning’s war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind :
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best,

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down ;
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean ;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy

To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Third Part of King Henry VI., ii. 5.

XXVI.

DOVER CLIFFS.

(Edgar *loq.*)

How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles : halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

King Lear, iv. 6.

XXVII.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

(Duke *loq.*)

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It, ii.

XXVIII.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

(Viola *loq.*)

SHE never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thou
 And with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, ii. 4.

XXIX.

WORTH *v.* BIRTH.

(King *loq.*)

STRANGE is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell 't, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good, without a name : vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb ; on every grave

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed.

All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 3.

XXX.

‘*Vanitas vanitatum.*’

(*Wolsey log.*)

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new-opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

.

Cromwell. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.
King Henry VIII., iii. 2.

XXXI.

THE STATESMAN'S LESSON.

(Wolsey *log.*)

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

King Henry VIII., iii. 2.

XXXII.

GOOD ADVICE.

(Leonato *loq.*)

MEN

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.

Much Ado About Nothing, v. 1.

XXXIII.

DEATH OF THE STAG.

(Hunters *loq.*)

Duke S. COME, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord.

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

.
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much : ' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
' 'Tis right,' quoth he : ' thus misery doth part
The flux of company : ' anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : ' Ay,' quoth Jaques,
' Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens :
'T is just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? '
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.*

As You Like It, ii. 1.

XXXIV.

SLEEP IN THE PALACE.

(King *loq.*)

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?

Second Part of King Henry IV., iii. 1.

* The genuine feeling here attributed to the philosophic Jaques deserves especial notice as a solitary, or at all events almost solitary, instance of any sort of recognition of the sufferings wantonly inflicted upon the lower animal world. This was a branch of ethics apparently altogether unknown to the Christianity or civilisation of theologians, moralists, philosophers, or poets of the ages preceding the middle of the eighteenth century: nor is it too well known even to the present enlightened age. Its recognition is first adequately expressed by Thomson in *The Seasons*. See also *The Adventurer*, *passim*.

XXXV.†

‘Vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis!’

(Romeo *log.*)

O MY love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death’s pale flag is not advanced there.

.

Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here’s to my love. O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.

XXXVI.

LIFE.

(Macbeth *log.*)

Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, v. 5.(Prospero *log.*)

We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Tempest, iv. 1.

XXXVII.

THE REFORMER.

(Cæsar *log.*)

LET me have men about me that are fat ;
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look :
 He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.
 Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.*

Julius Cæsar, i. 2.

XXXVIII.

BRUTUS.

(Antony *log.*)

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man.'

Julius Cæsar, v. 5.

XXXIX.

A WIDOW'S CURSE.

(Lady Anne *log.*)

SET down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !

* As for the particular case, Cassius was probably enough a mere selfish plotter. But Cæsar's language, it is worth observing, accurately expresses the popular partiality for 'sleek,' and easy-going Optimism. It is the way of the world to have an aversion for everything that is apt to disturb its placid contentment with the general arrangement of things in 'this best of all possible worlds.'

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
 Stabbed by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds !

Lo ! in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 As miserable by the death of him
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee !

Kin Richard III., i. 2.

XL.

THE TORTURE OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

(Clarence *log.*)

O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time !
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord ! Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Gaoler. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had : and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Gaoler. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life :
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, ‘ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?’
And so he vanished : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he squeaked out aloud,
‘ Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !’
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.*

King Richard III., i. 4.

* See the philosophic remarks of Lucretius :

‘ Mens sibi conscia factis,
Præmetuens adhibet stimulos, terretque flagellis,’ &c.
De Rerum Nat., iii.

XLI.

THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND.

A.D. 1399.

(Gaunt *log.*)

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,*
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

* This exaggeration of the *couleur-de-rose* style may well be excused to a Plantagenet and to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. But History tells a different story.

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

King Richard II., ii. 1.

XLII.

JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

(Shylock *loq.*)

SIGNIOR ANTONIO, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys ;' you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?' Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys ? '

O Father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !

The Merchant of Venice, i. 3.

XLIII.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

(Theseus *log.*)

LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. i.

'XLIV.'

TOO LATE.

(King *log.*)

LOVE that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave:
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.

All's Well that Ends Well, v. 3.

'XLV.

SPRING FLOWERS.

(Perdita *log.*)

MY fairest friend,
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
 might
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one !

Winter's Tale, iv. 4.

XLVI.

A 'MOTHER'S IMAGE.

Discovery of Marina.

(Pericles *log.*)

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
 My daughter might have been : my queen's square
 brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
 As silver-voiced : her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cased as richly : in pace another Juno ;
 Which starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
 hungry,

The more she gives them speech.

.

Prithee, speak ;

Falseness cannot come from thee ; for thou look'st
 Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crowned Truth to dwell in.

Pericles, v. i.

SONGS.

I.

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling :
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 1.

II.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Henry VIII., iii. 3.

III.

‘ The first dark day of nothingness
The last of danger and distress.’

FEAR no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages :
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta’en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o’ the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke :
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone :
Fear not slander, censure rash :
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Cymbeline, iv. 2.

IV.

FAIRY SONGS.

1.

(Fairy sings.)

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

2.

(Oberon sings.)

I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

3.

(Fairies sing.)

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong :
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby :
Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2.

4.

(Puck sings.)

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Everyone lets forth his sprite,
 In the churchway paths to glide ;
 And we fairies that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic : not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallowed house :
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1.

5.

(Juno and Ceres sing.)

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you !
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garner never empty ;
 Vines with clustering bunches growing,
 Plants with goodly burden bowing.

Spring come to you at the farthest
 In the very end of harvest !
 Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

The Tempest, iv. 1.

6.

(Ariel sings.)

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest, v. 1.

V.

REVEILLEZ.

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies :
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise !

Cymbeline, ii. 3.

VI.

LOVE RESTRAINED.

ON a day—alack the day !—
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, can passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish himself the heaven's breath.
 ' Air,' quoth he, ' thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack ! my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou, for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3.

VII.

' Νικᾶ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον
 Καὶ πῦρ καλή τις οὔσα.'

TAKE, oh, take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn.
 But my kisses bring again ;
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure, iv. 1.

VIII.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly !
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly !
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

As You Like It, ii. 7.

IX.

THE MISANTHROPE.

IMMORTAL gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond ;

Or a harlot for her weeping ;
 Or a dog that seems a-sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Timon of Athens, i. 2.

X.

DIRGES.

1.

HERO'S EPITAPH.

DONE to death by slanderous tongues
 Was the Hero that here lies :
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
 Gives her fame that never dies :
 So the life that died with shame,
 Lives in death with glorious fame.

Much Ado About Nothing, v. 3.

2.

A SEA-GRAVE.

(Ariel *sings*.)

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

The Tempest, i. 2.

3.

TO JULIET.

(Paris *loq.*)

SWEET flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
 O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones—
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
 Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.

XI.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WHY let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play :
 For some must watch, while some must sleep ;
 So runs the world away.

SONNETS.

I.

HARMONY.

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly ?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

VI.

'DUMB FORGETFULNESS.'

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

VII.

'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro.'

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die :
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

VIII.

THE SISTER ARTS.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense :
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

THE PROPHECY OF VENUS.

- ‘SINCE thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy :
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne’er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.
- ‘It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
The bottom poison, and the top o’er-strawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.
- ‘It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures :
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures.
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.
- ‘It shall suspect where is no cause of fear,
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.
- ‘It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension ’twixt the son and sire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents,

As dry combustious matter is to fire :

Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,

They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

Venus and Adonis, 1138-1164.

E MORTE VITA.

By this, the boy that by her side lay killed

Was melted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,

A purple flower sprung up, chequered with white,

Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood

Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,

And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,

Since he himself is reft from her by death :

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears

Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—

For every little grief to wet his eyes :

To grow unto himself was his desire,

And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good

To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;

Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :

Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,

My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.:

There shall not be one minute in an hour

Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

Id. 1165-1194.

MARLOWE.

1562-1593.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Tamburlaine the Great* (tragedy), 1586 (?); the turgid style of parts of which has been immortalised by the parody of the verse 'Holla! ye pampered jades of Asia,' placed in the mouth of Pistol in 'Henry IV.' Passages in it, however, have been much praised for a certain grandeur as well as for their superior versification.—*The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, the best known and most interesting of his works, containing many passages of true tragic feeling. It has also an extrinsic interest as the prototype of Goethe's *Faust*.—*The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II.*, published before the year 1593.

Marlowe is by far the most considerable of the dramatists who wrote immediately preceding, and partly contemporaneously with, Shakespeare. *Tamburlaine* appeared before the year 1587. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*, the first reputed authentic drama of Shakespeare, about 1590, and it is an interesting inquiry how far Shakespeare may have been originally indebted for some of his plots and scenes to Marlowe and others of the older school. That he was indebted to others not only for the plots of many of his plays, but also for nearly 2,000 entire verses directly borrowed, besides nearly twice that number, adopted with some alteration, is well known. *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* is one of Marlowe's miscellaneous pieces.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

'Perduto è tutto il tempo che in amar non si spende.'

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

RALEIGH.

1552-1618.

ONE of the minor poets of the Elizabethan age. Raleigh's title to literary fame depends upon his *History of the World*, composed during his long imprisonment in the Tower.

REASON'S OPPOSITION.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold :
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields :
A honey-tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

BARNFIELD.

End of the Sixteenth Century.

AUTHOR of several volumes of miscellaneous poetry published between the years 1594 and 1598. Little or nothing is known of his life. The *Address to the Nightingale* was long attributed to Shakespeare.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made ;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring.
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone :
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn ;
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
 Teru, teru, by-and-by :
 That, to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
 None takes pity on thy pain.
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.

King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing !
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such-like flattering,
' Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown.
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Address to the Nightingale.

BEN JONSON.

1573-1637.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Every Man in His Humour*, 1596; brought out at the famous Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare played one of the parts.—*Every Man out of His Humour*, 1599, inferior to its predecessor.—*Cynthia's Revels*.—*The Poetaster*.—*Sejanus*, 1603, a Roman tragedy.—*Eastward Hoe* appeared soon after the succession of James VI. to the English crown. In this comedy were introduced some depreciatory reflections on the Scotch nation, which, provoking the patriotic susceptibilities of the new king, occasioned the author's imprisonment and almost the loss of his ears.—*Volpone or the Fox*, *Epicene or the Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*, some of his best comedies, next followed.—*Catiline*, 1611, a Roman tragedy.—*The New Inn* (comedy), 1630.—*The Sad Shepherd*, the most fanciful and Shakespearian of his dramas, is one of his best productions. Altogether his dramatic works are about fifty in number. His comedies show considerable wit and vigour: though the *vis comica* is not sufficiently restrained within the bounds of nature and probability. His tragedies, correct as copies of the antique models, are too frequently disfigured by pedantry. It is as a comic writer that Jonson has earned his place in English literature. Dryden gives him high praise. 'If,' says he, 'we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as of others. One cannot say that he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting in the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant with the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in

Sejanus and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.'

Milton has very happily expressed the characteristic differences of the two dramatists in *L'Allegro*, who counts it among the reasonable pleasures of life to visit the theatre—

'If Jonson's *learned* sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.'

The most interesting fact in the personal life of Jonson is his connection with Shakespeare; in particular, in the history of the celebrated Mermaid Club, which met at the tavern of that name and counted also among its members Raleigh, Beaumont, and Fletcher. His best comedies are *Every Man in His Humour*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*.

THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance:
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names : but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil : turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame :
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn.
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines :
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James.
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light !

*To the Memory of my beloved Master, William Shakspeare, and
what he hath left us.*

GOOD LIFE LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May :
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light !
In small proportions we just beauties see :
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Forest.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth :
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence,
With safety of her innocence :
Whose soul heaven's queen (whose name she bears),
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train :
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

On my first Daughter.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep ;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose :
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

Cynthia's Revels.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace :

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art :
 They strike mine eyes but not my heart.

The Silent Woman.

TO CELIA.

‘Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,’ &c.

Kiss me, sweet, the wary lover
 Can your favours keep and cover,
 When the common courting jay
 All your bounties will betray.
 Kiss again, no creature comes :
 Kiss and score up wealthy sums
 On my lips, thus hardly sundered
 While you breathe. First give a hundred,
 Then a thousand, then another
 Hundred, then unto the other
 Add a thousand, and so more,
 Till you equal with the store,
 All the grass that Romney yields,
 Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
 Or the drops in silver Thames,
 Or the stars that gild his streams
 In the silent summer nights,
 When youths ply their stolen delights :
 That the curious may not know
 How to tell them as they flow,
 And the envious, when they find
 What their number is, be pined.*

The Forest.

* An imitation of the Ode of Catullus :

‘Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,’ &c.

FLETCHER.

1576-1625.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *The Maid's Tragedy* (written conjointly with his friend Beaumont); a fine tragedy characterised by the fashionable licence of thought and diction.—*The Faithful Shepherdess*, a pastoral drama, besides its own intrinsic beauties, interesting as the model, in some measure, of the *Comus* of Milton. Beaumont and Fletcher are names almost inseparably linked together in the history of literature. Between them they produced fifty-two dramatic pieces. Of all the dramatists succeeding Shakespeare, they approach nearest to him in richness of fancy and picturesque description. More irregular than Jonson's, their style possesses more of the luxuriance of 'Fancy's child.' Their title to be ranked amongst the few great names who have contributed to form the English language, and in the number of English classics, Dryden has pointed out in asserting that 'the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection. What words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental.' And he states that in his time, the latter half of the seventeenth century, so great was the popularity of Beaumont and Fletcher, that two of their plays were put upon the stage for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's. A partiality which, considering the character of the age and the literary productions chiefly patronised, may perhaps be more justly attributed to the voluptuous painting than to the more solid merits of the authors of *The Maid's Tragedy*.

CLORINDA AND SATYR.

(Satyr sings.)

THROUGH yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods have I run,
 Whose bottom never kissed the sun.
 Since the lusty spring began,
 All to please my master Pan,

Have I trotted without rest,
To get him fruit: for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour the Syrinx bright—
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells.
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them:
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
For these, black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb.
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,

Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong :
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

(Clorinda *log.*)

And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast ?—sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal : prick my hand
And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night

To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell.

The Faithful Shepherdess.

AMORET AND PERIGOT APPOINT TO MEET AT
 THE VIRTUOUS WELL.

(Amoret *loq.*)

SHEPHERD, so far as maiden's modesty
 May give assurance, I am once more thine.
 Once more I give my hand: be ever free
 From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

(Perigot *loq.*)

I take it as my best good; and desire,
 For stronger confirmation of our love,
 To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
 Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
 For their long service.

. . . to that holy wood is consecrate
 A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
 The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
 By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes

Their stolen children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh and dull mortality.
 By this fair font hath many a shepherd sworn
 And give away his freedom, many a troth
 Been plight, which neither envy, nor old Time,
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
 In hope of coming happiness : by this
 Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.

The Faithful Shepherdess.

THE GOD OF THE RIVER RISES WITH AMORET IN HIS ARMS.

(River-god *sings.*)

WHAT powerful charms my streams do bring
 Back again unto their spring,
 With such force, that I, their god,
 Three times striking with my rod,
 Could not keep them in their ranks !
 My fishes shoot into the banks ;
 There's not one that stays and feeds,
 All have hid them in the weeds—
 Here's a mortal almost dead,
 Fallen into my river-head,
 Hallowed so with many a spell,
 That till now none ever fell.
 'Tis a female young and clear,
 Cast in by some ravisher ;
 See upon her breast a wound,
 On which there is no plaister bound :

Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gushes out afresh :
She is an unpolluted maid ;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.—
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber : Virgin, speak.

Am. Who hath restored my sense, given me new
breath,

And brought me back out of the arms of death ?

River-god. I have healed thy wounds.

Am.

Ah me !

River-god. Fear not him that succoured thee :
I am this fountain's god ! Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'st channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,

In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud:
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl, fit for a queen,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all the brook
That shall disobey thy look:
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver string.

SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet:
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod:
Nor let the water, rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

The Faithful Shepherdess.

THE CONQUESTS OF EROS.

HEAR ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done.
Fear examples and be wise :
Fair Calisto was a nun :
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan :
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do.
Fear the fierceness of the boy,
The chaste moon he makes to woo :
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies ;
Ilion in a short hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.

Valentinian.

SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince : fall like a cloud
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,

Pass by his troubled senses : sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince, gently, O gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

Valentinian.

SYLVESTER.

1563-1618.

FOR of a number of fugitive pieces of unequal merit. The *Soul's*
and, originally ascribed to Raleigh, is characterised by much force
 originality of idea.

THE MESSAGE TO EARTH.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand !
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Go, tell the church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good :
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
 Acting by others' actions,
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions :
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion ;
Tell love it is but lust ;
Tell time it is but motion ;
Tell flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
Tell favour how she falters :
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law it is contention :
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay :
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming :
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

The Soul's Errand.

DRUMMOND.

1585-1649.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Tears on the Death of Mæliades* (Prince Henry, son of James I.), 1612.—*The Wandering Muses, or the River Forth Feasting* (a congratulatory poem addressed to King James), 1617. His sonnets, however, are his best title to fame; they exhibit a considerable amount of thought as well as fancy clothed in elegant verse. He is by far the best of the Scottish poets of the age.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

DOth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, powers above?

Those souls with vices moody, mists most blind,
Blind fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove:
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather tossed by storm and wind.

Ah! if a Providence doth sway this All,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?

Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime!

SUCKLING.

1608-1641.

ONE of the best of the Anacreontic school. His occasional poems exhibit a natural liveliness of fancy, and an easy style of versification. The *Ballad upon a Wedding*, a few stanzas of which are subjoined, has been much admired for its 'witty levity, and choice beauty of expression.'

{ THE BRIDE.

HER feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But O, she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison :
Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin ;
Some bee had stung it newly :
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Ballad upon a Wedding.

CAREW.

1589–1639.

ONE of the most eminent of the cavalier and sensuous, as it may be termed, or Anacreontic class of lyrical poets, of which Suckling, Herrick, and Waller are the other chief names. To celebrate the court-beauties, and, generally, to sing the praises of wine and women, was their highest aim and ambition. Vivacity, gaiety of feeling and expression, and undisguised licentiousness, are the principal characteristics of their school. They were the true disciples of the old-world masters of the sensuous lyre—of an Anacreon or Catullus—and they fully felt and inculcated the philosophy of the—

‘Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
 Soles occidere, et redire possunt;
 Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda!’

They were the ‘Bohémiens’ of the seventeenth century.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

‘The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come.’

Now that the winter’s gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile.

SHIRLEY.

1596-1666 (?).

THE last of the dramatists who adorned the Elizabethan and Jacobian age. According to Hallam, he can claim little originality or dramatic power. Yet he has 'many lines of considerable beauty,' scattered about in his numerous works. *Death's Final Conquest*, his 'finest production,' occurs in one of his dramas.

THE ISOTIMIA OF HADES.*

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

* Some of the most graphic illustrations of this obvious but unpalatable truth are to be found in *Ecclesiasticus* and Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

The garlands wither on your brow :
Then boast no more your mighty deeds.
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

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That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer :
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

CHALKHILL.

First half of the Seventeenth Century (?).

THE pastoral romance of *Thealma and Clearchus*, published by Isaak Walton in 1683, was, until comparatively recent times, ascribed to the author of the *Complete Angler* himself. Amongst other reasons against Walton's authorship the most conclusive seems to be, that the muse of that redoubted angler was scarcely equal to such a performance. 'We have no doubt, therefore,' says the writer in Chambers's *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, 'that *Thealma* is a genuine poem of the days of Charles I., or James I. The scene of the pastoral is laid in Arcadia, and the author, like the ancient poets, describes the golden age and all its charms, which were succeeded by an age of iron, on the introduction of ambition, avarice, and tyranny. The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters are deficient in individuality. It must be read, like the *Faery Queen*, for its romantic descriptions, and its occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's *Lycidas*, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line.'

THE VOTARESSES OF DIANA.

WITHIN a little silent grove hard by,
 Upon a small ascent he might espy
 A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
 Beset with shady sycamores about :
 And ever anon he might well hear
 A sound of music steal in at his ear
 As the wind gave it being :—so sweet an air
 Would strike a siren mute.

.
 A hundred virgins there he might espy
 Prostrate before a marble deity,
 Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be
 The image of Diana :—on their knee

They tendered their devotions : with sweet airs
 Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.
 Their garments all alike,—beneath their paps
 Buckled together with a silver clasp :
 And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
 An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er.
 Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
 Crowned with a silver crescent on the top.
 A silver bow their left hand held ; their right,
 For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight,
 Drawn from their 'broidered quiver, neatly tied
 In silken cords, and fastened to their side.
 Under their vestments, something short before,
 White buskins, laced with ribanding, they wore.
 It was a catching sight for a young eye,
 That love had fired before :—he might espy
 One whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
 Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned.
 He could not see her face, only his ear
 Was blessed with the sweet words that came from her.

.

Clarinda came at last

With all her train, who, as along she passed
 Through the inward court, did make a lane,
 Opening their ranks, and closing them again
 As she went forward, with obsequious gesture
 Doing their reverence. Her upward vesture
 Was of blue silk glistening with stars of gold,
 Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
 And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
 And fashioned to the life, one would have thought
 They had been real.* Underneath she wore

* See the fascinating picture of the heroine in the Greek romance of Heliodorus.—*Theagenes and Chariclea*,

A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fringed about with gold : white buskins hide
The naked of her leg ; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set ;
And on the top a silver crescent placed :
And all the lustre by such beauty graced,
As her reflection made them seem more fair.
One would have thought Diana's self were there ;
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver filled
With turtle-feathered arrows.

Thealma and Clearchus.

THE POET OF POETS.

A SWEETER swan than ever sung in Po :
A shriller nightingale than ever blest
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud
While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
Attentive was full many a dainty ear :
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
While sweetly of the Faery Queen he sung ;
While to the waters' fall he tuned her fame,
And in each book engraved Eliza's name.

Anon.

COWLEY.

1618-1667.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Miscellanies*—*The Mistress, or Love Verses*—*Pindaric Odes*— *Davideis, an Heroic Poem of the Troubles of David*. Cowley had published a volume of poetry at the age of thirteen. His characteristic merit, as distinguished from most of his contemporaries, was his preference, if he did not find all the contentment he sought there, for the attractions of natural scenery rather than for the dissipations of the fashionable town-life. His finest pieces are his odes *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*, and *On the Death of Mr. William Harvey*, and they are specially admirable. He succeeded better in his Pindaric and Anacreontic odes than in the graver and more ambitious efforts of the epic style; and the *Davideis*, though containing some fine passages, is most interesting as having apparently suggested some parts of the *Paradise Lost*. His prose writings hold a high place in the literature of the age.

IN MEMORIAM.

POET and Saint! To thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven :
 The hard and rarest union that can be,
 Next that of Godhead, with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
 Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land.

How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms! Thou most divine

And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went ;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief !
And our weak reason were e'en weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong : his life, I'm sure, was in the right :
And I myself a catholic will be,
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below,
Opposed by our old enemy adverse chance ;
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires :
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies !

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

‘IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.’

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the moon drive on th’ unwilling light,
When sleep, death’s image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?
 O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death’s agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
 If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hid treasures lie:
Alas, my treasure’s gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.

Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.

None but his brethren, he and sisters, knew
Whom the kind youth preferred to me ;
And e'en in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights ?
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two ?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade ;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

To him my muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He loved my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my muse, thou canst not me delight ;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse ;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Ode on the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee:
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire,
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,

(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sate with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolises love !
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began !
A curse on him who found the ore !
A curse on him who digged the store !
A curse on him that did refine it !
A curse on him that first did coin it !
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love !
Gold begets in brethren hate ;
Gold, in families debate :
Gold does friendship separate ;
Gold does civil wars create—
These the smallest harms of it :
Gold, alas ! does love beget.

MARVELL.

1620-1678.

THOUGH better known as a prose writer, the poetic pieces on *The Emigrants in the Bermudas*, and especially *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, show that he possessed at least both true poetic feeling and genuine pathos. The name of Marvell is immortalised in connection with that of Milton whose intimate friendship he enjoyed, and with whom he was for some time associated as Assistant-Secretary to the Commonwealth Government,

‘Lugete, o Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.’

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne’er didst, alive,
Them any harm: alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I’m sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven’s king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
E’en beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands

In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean : their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave her to me ; nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he, ' Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled :
She waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent :
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game ; it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me !

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so

As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught than I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say?—than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.}
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race:
And when't had left me far away,
Twould stay and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes :
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF NATURE.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays :
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound
No name shall but your own be found.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head:
The luscious clusters of the vine,
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet he meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

Thoughts in a Garden.

MILTON.

1608–1674.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Hymn on the Nativity*, 1629, ‘any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry.’—*Arcades* and *Comus*, 1637, in the pastoral style, in imitation of the Italian ‘Masque,’ of which the *Aminta* of Tasso is the most charming example. *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher also served as a model for that most charming of all the productions of the pastoral style—the *Comus*. ‘It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported as in Shakespeare’s *Tempest*, to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet’s creations, and his muse is ever ready to “moralise the song” with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment.’ Both the *Arcades* and *Comus* had been previously to publication played before certain great personages—the former in the presence of the Dowager Lady Derby, the latter before the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow Castle.—*Lycidas*, belonging to the same year, commemorates the untimely end of his friend, Edward King, who perished in a shipwreck on the passage across the Irish Channel; with perhaps the exception of the *Adonais* of Shelley, the most exquisite *In Memoriam* ever composed.—*L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* followed, and were produced about the same period. They are unique in English poetry; conjuring up to the mental vision a rapid and charming succession of lively images of rural and other scenes.—*Paradise Lost* (in twelve Books), 1658–1667, the greatest and grandest epic in any language. According to the terms of the copyright, the bookseller, Simmons, for the whole poem paid down immediately 5*l.* with the promise of an additional 5*l.* upon the sale of 1,300 copies. That the English reading public, however, was not so wholly insensible to the merits of the *Paradise Lost* as commonly stated, appears from the fact that in two years the supply of 1,300 copies had been exhausted; while in eleven years from the date of publication the sale had reached 5000. It is probable that the puritan portion of the community, while turning away from the gay productions of the school of Dryden, Wycherley, and Congreve, would hail with enthusiasm the appearance of a work so much more in unison with their predilections. It is probable, however, that for some time before Addison wrote his famous eulogistic criticisms, the *Paradise Lost* had been falling into neglect in proportion as the puritan ideas were dying out.—*Paradise Regained*, (in four Books), 1671, inferior, doubtless, to the first great effort yet meritorious enough to alone make the greatest poetic reputation.—In the same year appeared the *Samson Agonistes*, the only considerable attempt at

imitation of the Hellenic drama in the language. Although not altogether successful, it discovers considerable genius in a species of imitation peculiarly difficult in modern times.

Upon the surpassing merits of the *Paradise Lost*, it seems at the present day almost impertinent to attempt any eulogium, the genius of the author of which, as finely portrayed by Thomson, is:—

‘ Universal as his theme,
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.’

‘ Was there ever,’ exclaims Cowper, ‘ anything so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute: variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil.’

‘ In Milton,’ says Campbell, ‘ there may be traced obligations to several minor English poets; but his genius had too great a supremacy to belong to any school. Though he acknowledged a filial reverence for Spenser as a poet, he left no Gothic irregular tracery in the design of his own great work, but gave a classical harmony of parts to its stupendous pile. It thus resembles a dome, the vastness of which is at first sight concealed by its symmetry, but which expands more and more to the eye while it is contemplated. His early poetry seems to have neither disturbed nor corrected the bad taste of the age. *Comus* came into the world unacknowledged by its author, and *Lycidas* appeared at first only with his initials. Almost a century elapsed before his minor works obtained their proper fame. Even when *Paradise Lost* appeared, though it was not neglected, it attracted no crowd of imitators, and made no visible change in the poetical practice of the age. He stood alone and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects; and, as far as there is perpetuity in language, of immortal fame. There is something that overawes the mind in conceiving his long deliberated selection of that theme—his attempting it when his eyes were shut upon the face of nature—his dependence, we might almost say, on supernatural inspiration; and in the calm air of strength with which he opens *Paradise Lost*, beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort. . . . Milton has certainly triumphed over one difficulty of his subject—the paucity and loneliness of its human agents; for no one, in contemplating the Garden of Eden, would wish to exchange it for a more populous world. His earthly pair could only be represented, during their innocence, as beings of simple enjoyment and negative virtue, with no other passions than the fear of heaven and the love of each other. Yet from these materials what a picture has he drawn of their homage to the Deity, their mutual affection, and the horrors of their alienation! By concentrating all exquisite ideas of

external nature in the representation of their abode—by conveying an inspired impression of their spirits and forms, whilst they first shone under the fresh light of creative heaven—by these powers of description he links our first parents, in harmonious subordination, to the angelic natures—he supports them in the balance of poetical importance with their divine coadjutors and enemies, and makes them appear at once worthy of the friendship and envy of gods.’ If his poetic conception is of so sublime and exalted a character, the versification of Milton bears the stamp of corresponding excellence. It has been well remarked that ‘there are more perfect examples in Milton of musical expression, or of an adaptation of the sound and movement of the verse to the meaning of the passage, than in all our other writers, whether of rhyme or blank verse, put together, with the exception already mentioned [that of Shakespeare]. Spenser is the most harmonious of our poets, as Dryden is the most sounding and varied of our rhymists: but in neither is there anything like the same ear for music, the same power in approximating the varieties of poetical to those of musical rhythm, as there is in our great epic poet. The sound of his lines is moulded into the expression of the sentiment, almost of the very image. They rise or fall, pause or hurry rapidly on, with exquisite art, but without the least trick of affectation, as the occasion seems to require’ (Hazlitt’s *Lectures on the English Poets*). One defect, and one defect only of any importance, may be thought to somewhat mar the general beauty of the poem. The theological arguments and speeches occasionally put into the mouths of the celestial and infernal actors in that sublime drama, however interesting to the age in which it was produced, are apt in these times to offend the taste, as well as the reason, of such readers as are best able to appreciate its general excellence. This unfortunate accident of the age, however, may well be forgotten amidst such variety of scenes and descriptions of mixed grandeur and beauty as is to be found in no other production in prose or poetry.

Of all the many passages of surpassing beauty of idea and language, perhaps the most exquisite is the scene of the angelic quire preparing for their celestial hymn in the third Book. By its pathos and sweetness, the lament of Eve on first hearing the irrevocable sentence of expulsion from the Garden, in the eleventh Book, must also certainly appear to all readers of taste as one of the most charming of the gems of the *Paradise Lost*. The prospective vision revealed to Adam by his celestial patron, Raphael, of the Lazar-house with its occupants, who represent ‘all the sad variety of woe’ in the ordinary course of nature alone, for human interest and descriptive force, is unsurpassed by anything of the same kind ever written. Next to the *Paradise Lost* must be ranked the *Comus* and *Lycidas*. The *Hymn on the Nativity*, composed at the age of twenty-one, is also a production of marvellous grandeur and beauty.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing !
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings :
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;

Or whether, as some sager sing,
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying ;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin ;

And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set

Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat :
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said ;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end :
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove*
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended :
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore ;

* Cassiope, who rashly challenged the Nereids to a trial of beauty. In revenge, they sent a sea-monster (the Orca of Ariosto) to ravage her country. From hence the expiatory offering up of her daughter Andromeda, and the chivalrous interposition of Perseus—the prototype of all the later heroes of romance. The scene of Andromeda chained to the rock, and her deliverance by her cavalier at the critical moment, is a frequent subject of art. Compare *Orlando Furioso*, v.

His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait ;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak :
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :

And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O, sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride :*
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

* See Chaucer's unfinished *Squire's Tale*.

But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

PARADISE LOST.

I.

‘THE FATAL FRUIT.’

OF Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,

In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of chaos : or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.*
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the highth of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Book 1.

II.

THE FALL OF LUCIFER.

SAY first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell ; say first, what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?
 The infernal serpent : he it was, whose guile,

* A translation of Ariosto's—

‘Cosa non detta in prosa mai, né in rima.’—*Orl. Fur.* i. 1.

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind ; what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels ; by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
 If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in heaven and battle proud
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal : but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild :
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,*
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

* Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai

Risonavan &c. *Divina Commedia* Inferno III.

Compare *Odyssia*, xi., and *Æneis*, vi.

And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes,
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness ; and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !

Id.

III.

THE ARCHFIEND IN TARTARUS.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
 Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.
 So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
 Chained on the burning lake.

.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
 That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors; hail,
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be; all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.*

Id.

IV.

THE DEVIL OF LUST.

BELIAL came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he

* Compare the reply of Prometheus to Hermes in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus: and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley.

In temples and at altars when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God ?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury, and outrage.

Id.

 V.

THE FIRST MARTIAL REVIEW.

THEN straight commands, that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard : that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving : with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders.

Id.

VI.

FIENDS OUTDONE BY MEN.

TOWARDS him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own : for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief :
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-spread
Heaven's cheerful face ; the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower :
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds ; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace ; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
As if, (which might induce us to accord,)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

Book II.

VII.

HELL-GATES.

At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting ; about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal : yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen.*

Id.

VIII.

DEATH.

THE other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,

* An imitation of *Faery Queen* I. 1.

And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired ;
Admired, not fear'd.

.
So spake the grisly terror ; and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform : on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian ; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air ;
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown ; so match'd they stood ;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe.

Id.

IX.

LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light ! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns *
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Book III.

* Imitation of the third act of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, where Mirtillo addresses the Spring:—

Tu torni ben, ma teco
 Non tornano, &c.
 Tu torni ben, tu torni,
 Ma teco altro non torna, &c.

X.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy; heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part: such concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,

Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King: thee, Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible; but when thou shadest
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle heaven; that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

.
 Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.

Id.

XI.

THE TRUE AND FALSE ANGEL.

He soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape;
 Which else might work him danger or delay:
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,

Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned ;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold ;
 His habit fit for speed succinct ; and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear ; and straight was known
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven,
 Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
 Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land.

Id.

 XII.

THE EVIL CONSCIENCE.

HORROR and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him ; for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place : now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd ; wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad ;
 Sometimes towards heaven and the full-blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower.

Book IV.

XIII.

EDEN.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and overhead up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung ;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd :
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
That landskip : and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are pass'd
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd ; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden ; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears ;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise ; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain ;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed ;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves ; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

Id.

XIV.

THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils; which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,

And banished from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence !
 So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill :
 So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met ;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Id.

XV.

EVE'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers ; much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain ; then stood unmoved,
 Pure as the expanse of heaven : I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.*
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me : I started back,
 It started back ; but pleased I soon return'd,
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd

* An improvement on the charming original in the *Metamorphæon* III. of Ovid—the story of Narcissus.

Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me : What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces ; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine ; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane ; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turn'd :
Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve ;
Whom fliest thou ? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life ; to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine : I yielded : and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother ; and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unproved
And meek surrender, half embracing leaned
On our first father ; half her swelling breast,
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid : he, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love ; as Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers ; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

Id

XVI.

VESPER ADEST.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad :
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Id.

XVII.

NATURE'S CHARMS.

(*Eve loq.*).

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?

Id.

XVIII.

EVE'S BOWER.

HAND in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower : it was a place
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
 All things to man's delightful use : the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf : on either side
 Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under-foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower

More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
 And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts; and, O! too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Id.

XIX.

THE FIRST AWAKENING.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
 Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough: so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,

Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight !
 Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Book V.

XX.

RAPHAEL.*

NOR delay'd the winged saint
 After his charge received ; but from among
 Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
 Flew through the midst of heaven : the angelic quires,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all the empyreal road ; till, at the gate
 Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sovereign architect had framed.
 From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interposed, however small ; he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,
 Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills : as when by night the glass

* See the description of the Homeric angel, Hermes, on his mission to the isle of Kalypso, *Od. V.*

Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon :
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing :
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd : six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine : the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipp'd in heaven ; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise :
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets : for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and played at will .

Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

Id.

XXI.

TRUTH AGAINST THE MULTITUDE.

THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.

Id.

XXII.

MICHAEL AND SATAN.

BOTH address'd for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror : from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,

And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat
As not of power at once ; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him ; but the ethereal substance closed
Not long divisible ; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,*
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence ; while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
From off the files of war : there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride

* Imitation of Aphrodite's wound and the divine *ἰχέρη*, *Il. V.*

Humbled by such rebuke ; so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense ;* and, as they please,
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Book VI.

XXIII.

THE INFAMY OF GLORY.

CANCELL'D from heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell :
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

Id.

* Compare Pliny's account of the divine nature : ' Quisquis est Deus, si modo est alius, quacunque in parte, totus est sensus, totus visus, totus auditus, totus animæ, totus animi, totus sui.'—*Hist. Nat.*, i. i.

XXIV.

URANIA INVOKED.

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Uplifted by thee,
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere:
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,*
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou

* For illustration of these mournful utterances consult the history of the life and times of Milton.

Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few:
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Book VII.

XXV..

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the fields were
 crown'd,
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side;
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now

Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades.

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray ; or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land ; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young ; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens ; and, soaring the air
sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :
Part loosely wing the region ; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth

Their airy caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
 Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aëreal sky: others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes.

Id.

 XXVI.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.*

(Raphael *loq.*)

WHAT if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
 Enlightening her by day, as she by night

* The somewhat timid and inadequate ideas of Raphael or Milton, in speculating on the question of the plurality of worlds, may be, perhaps, explained and excused by the trammels of theology. From the moment, however, of the destruction of the old delusions as to the universe and the establishment of the discoveries of Copernik, the fact of 'plurality'

This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants : her spots thou seest
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps,
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
 Communicating male and female light ;
 Which two great sexes animate the world,
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live :
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.

Book VIII.

XXVII.

THE USUAL EPIC STYLE.

ARGUMENT

Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage

might be thought to have followed as a matter of course. From still further investigation, reason and analogy have made it as absurd to doubt of the existence of innumerable other worlds, immeasurably greater than our atomic globe, as to doubt e.g. of the globular form of the earth. For the most charming treatment of this most interesting subject, the reader is referred to Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*, 1685, the first adequate publication on the subject, and to Voltaire's *Micromegas*, one of the wittiest of that writer's lighter productions. The popular prejudices opposed to the scientific theory of the origin of species are not unanalogous to those which were, and are still, adverse to the teaching of the plurality of worlds.

Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused ;
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son ;
 If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late ;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd ; chief mastery to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,
 In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament ; then marshall'd feast
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals :
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem.

Book IX.

XXVIII.

THE FIRST SEDUCER.

THUS saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self

In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd ; Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus ; or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated : she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O, much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose :
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss !
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come ;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope

Of what so seldom chanced ; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd ; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm ;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son ;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound ;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more ;
She most, and in her look sums all delight :
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve

Thus early, thus alone : her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good ; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge :
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd : then soon
Fierce hate he recollects ; and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :

Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us ? hate, not love ; nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure ; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying : other joy
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles ; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ;
Foe not formidable ! exempt from wound,
I not ; so much hath hell debased, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods !
Not terrible, though terror be in love

And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd ;
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ! much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate ; I thus single ; nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld ! there best beheld,
 Where universally admired ; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who shouldst be seen
 A goddess among gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.

Id.

XXIX.

ADAM'S RESOLVE.

O FAIREST of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works ! creature, in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote !
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance ? how to violate

The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford; yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

Id.

XXX.

ADAM'S DOUBTS.

(After sentence of death,)

His doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die ;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod : then, in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death ? O thought
 Horrid, if true !

.

But say

That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward ; which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me ; and so last
 To perpetuity :—ay, me ! that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head ; both death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both :
 Nor I on my part single ; in me all
 Posterity stands cursed : fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons ! O, were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !
 So disinherited, how would you bless
 Me, now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless ?

Book X.

XXXI.

EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Book XI.

XXXII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

(*Michael loq.*)

DEATH thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal: yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance, than within.
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
 A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased; all maladies

Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born ; compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess.

Id.

 XXXIII.

HISTORIC FAME.

MIGHT only shall be admired,
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd :
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory ; and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods ;
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth ;
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.

Id.

XXXIV.

CELESTIAL AND TERRESTRIAL.

(Attendant Spirit *descends.*)

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care
 Confined, and pester'd in this pifold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants,
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is; and, but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

Comus.

XXXV.

THE SENSUAL LIFE.

(Comus *sings.*)

THE star, that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,

Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head :
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin ;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air :

Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.—
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastic round.

Id.

XXXVI.

ECHO.

(*Lady sings.*)

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ; *
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

*

' Illa

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat.'

Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 513.

XXXVII.

DIVINE MUSIC.

(Comus *loq.*)

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty waking of bliss,
 I never heard till now.

Id.

XXXVIII.

SABRINA.

(Attendant Spirit *loq.*)

THERE is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.

She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel ;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river : still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make.
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils :
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell
If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need : this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

(*Song.*)

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake ;

Listen, and save !

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus ;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save !

(SABRINA rises, attended by *Water-Nymphs*, and sings.)

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread :
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

SPIR. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity :
Brightest lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip :
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :—
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

(SABRINA *descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*)

SPIR. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills :
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

XXXIX.

SPIRIT-LIFE.

(Spirit *sings.*)

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring ;

There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen ;
But far above in spangle sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

* See end of the story of Cupid and Psyche in the *Metamorphoses* of Appuleius.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the sphery clime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

Id.

* The *Aminta* of Tasso, *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, *Tempest* of Shakespeare, and *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, have all contributed to the composition of this, the finest production of the species of poetry to which they belong.

DRYDEN.

1631-1700.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: Dramas.—*The Conquest of Granada*; *The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man* (an imitation of the *Paradise Lost*), 1675; *All for Love*, 1678; *The Spanish Friar* (comedy); *Don Sebastian*, the best of all his tragedies. They are, for the most part, little worthy of his genius. Many passages, however, as might well be expected, exhibit the master's hand; and the tragedy of *Don Sebastian* may be classed with the *Venice Preserved* and *Orphan of Otway*.

General Poems and Satires: the *Annus Mirabilis*, 1667, a celebration of the events of the year 1666.—*Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681, a satire on the well-known political characters of the Duke of Monmouth (Absalom), the Earl of Shaftesbury (Achitophel), and the Duke of Buckingham (Zimri), commonly considered one of the finest satires in the English language in point of force, if not of universal interest.—*Mac-Flecknoe*, 1682, a satire upon the poet-laureate of the day, Thomas Shadwell; also greatly admired for its satirical vigour.—The *Religio Laici*, 1684, a defence of the 'Establishment' as against the various non-conforming bodies; but more remarkable for its ecclesiastical than religious orthodoxy.—*The Hind and Panther*, 1688, a defence of the Catholic Church, whose tenets he had recently embraced; an opportune conversion, for which he was violently, though unjustly, accused by his enemies of interested motives. The Hind represents the Catholic, the Panther the English Church; while the other Dissenters are held up to ridicule and detestation under the names and characters of various savage beasts. The wit of the *Hind and Panther* Hallam characterises as 'sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning is sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in verse.' The opening verses are particularly fine.—The *Ode to St. Cecilia or Alexander's Feast*, 'the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions.'—Translations of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, 1693, and of *Virgil*, 1697. The *Virgil* is in some respects the most able if not the most faithful version yet produced.—The *Fables*, in imitation of Boccaccio and Chaucer; the most considerable, as well as the most pleasing, of all his works. They comprise about 7,500 verses, being two-thirds of the amount originally contracted for by Tonson, his publisher, for which the author was to receive 250*l*.

To the principal merit of Dryden, his new and original style of versification, his disciple and rival Pope has paid the just compliment of asserting that he

‘taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.’

‘Dryden,’ says Johnson, whose criticism on that poet is the most satisfactory of all his *Lives*, ‘knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses, and to adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.’ ‘Dryden and Pope,’ remarks Hazlitt, ‘are the great masters of the artificial style of poetry in our language, as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton are of the natural; and though this artificial style is generally and very justly acknowledged to be inferior to the other, yet those who stand at the head of that class ought perhaps to rank higher than those who occupy an inferior place in a superior class.’ That they rank higher in some of the artificial qualities of the poetic art may be undoubted: but whether they are therefore to be preferred to a Thomson, or Cowper, or Shelley, is another question.

Dryden is one of the most versatile of English poets. Tragedies, comedies, satires, odes, descriptive and historical poetry, miscellaneous pieces, sonnets, translations—if he has not equally excelled in each one of these diverse provinces of poetry, in some, as in the ode and satire, he is almost without a rival. As a prose writer Dryden occupies a foremost position in the literature of the age, and indeed in the whole body of English prose literature. The *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* ranks as the most valuable specimen of English prose, as well as the finest piece of criticism, produced up to that time.

TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.

.

THE mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
’Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

Alexander's Feast.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged ;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin :
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
 Aim'd at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine :
 Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
 The immortal part assumed immortal state.
 Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk ; whose vocal blood arose,
 And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
 A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
 With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
 Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;

Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

Hind and Panther.

FAITH AND REASON.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Religio Laici.

WHAT weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!

Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 Oh, teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thyself reveal'd ;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom thou hast promised never to forsake !
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with false desires ;
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Follow'd false lights ; and, when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am :
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
 Good life be now my task ; my doubts are done :
 What more could fright my faith than three in one ?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal mould and infancy ?
 That the great Maker of the world could die,
 And after that trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his omnipotence ?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel ?
 Superior faculties are set aside :
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers show the sun his way ;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive,
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they who say the Host should be descried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassable, and penetrating parts ?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confest in open sight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain.
 And sure the same Omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.
 Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
 But how can Finite grasp Infinity? *

Hind and Panther.

A FAIRY BOWER.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
 His course exalted through the Ram had run,
 And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
 Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of love ;
 Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
 To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers :
 When first the tender blades of grass appear,
 And buds, that yet the blast of Eurys fear,
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year ;
 Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
 Make the green blood to dance within their veins.
 Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
 And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room :
 Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
 Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
 To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome air :

* The discerning reader will scarcely need to be reminded that the merit of these celebrated verses depends rather upon the beauty than the philosophy of the language. They strikingly illustrate the legitimate sequence of the recognition of the principle of *authority*, and of the submission of reason to faith.

Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out and leads the jolly months along.

.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung ;
And dressing by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood.
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace ;
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears received a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire,
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire :
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing,
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay ;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought :
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood.
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen ;

And seized at once with wonder and delight,
Gazed all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen ;
The thick young grass arose in fresher green :
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass ;
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day ;
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering overhead :
And so the fragrant briar was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master-workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon ;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew :
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so well.*
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade ;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy :
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was placed between.
'Twas border'd with a field ; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain :
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.

* See the description of the palace of Cupid in the charming episode in the romance of Appuleius, which relates the sorrows and adventures of Psyche—the prototype of so many of our modern fairy tales.

I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight ;
 Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight :
 And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
 Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
 Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
 E'en though brought thither, could inhabit there :
 But thence they fled as from their mortal foe,
 For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mused, I cast aside my eye,
 And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
 The spreading branches made a goodly show,
 And full of opening blooms was every bough.
 A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
 Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
 Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
 The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew :
 Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,
 And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as soothed my soul, and pleased my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,
 When she I sought, the nightingale, replied :
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
 That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung :
 And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
 I stood entranced, and had no room for thought ;
 But all o'erpowered with ecstasy of bliss,
 Was in a pleasing dream of paradise.
 At length I waked, and looking round the bower,
 Search'd every tree, and pried on every flower,
 If anywhere by chance I might espy
 The rural poet of the melody :
 For still methought she sung not far away.
 At last I found her on a laurel spray :

Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
 Full in a line, against her opposite ;
 Where stood with eglantine the laurel twined,
 And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long ;
 (Sitting was more convenient for the song :)
 Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
 Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.
 My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
 And what alone did all the rest surpass,
 The sweet possession of the fairy place ;
 Single, and conscious to myself alone
 Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown ;
 Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

The Flower and the Leaf.

STATESMEN OF THE XVII. CENTURY.

(Earl of Shaftesbury.)

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son ;
 Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke ;
 The pillars of the public safety shook ;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !

Absalom and Achitophel.

(Duke of Buckingham.)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land :
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

Absalom and Achitophel.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest,
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace ;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss :
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse ;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first-fruits of Poesy were given ;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there :
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good ;
 Thy father was transfused into thy blood :
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was form'd at first, with myriads more,
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore ;
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind !
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind :
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that at thy birth
 New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth ?
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew :
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemnised there thy birth, and kept thy holyday
above.

O gracious God ! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy !
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love !
O wretched we ! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage ?
What can we say to excuse our second fall ?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all :
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For Nature did that want supply :
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,

What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 And to be read herself she need not fear ;
 Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
 E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest),
 Was but a lambent flame which played about her
 breast :

Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes :
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent ;
 Nor was the cruel destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too ;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plundered first, and then destroy'd.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine !

But thus Orinda died :
 Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate ;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground ;
 When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
 The judging God shall close the book of fate,

And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who sleep ;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground ;
 And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

*To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady,
 Mrs. Anne Killigrew.*

THE HUMAN MIND.

MEN are but children of a larger growth ;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain :
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.

All for Love.

MODES OF DEATH.

Adam.

THE deaths thou show'st are forced and full of strife,
Cast headlong from the precipice of life.
Is there no smooth descent—no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our native clay?

Raphael.

There is—but rarely shall that path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to death's abode.
Some few, by temperance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go :
Gently they lay them down, as evening sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.

Adam.

So noiseless would I live, such death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
And, dying, nothing to myself would owe.

Eve.

Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening joys, I by degrees would waste :
Still quitting ground by unperceived decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away.

State of Innocence.

POPE.

1688-1744.

PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Essay on Criticism*, 1711, written at the age of twenty-one.—*The Rape of the Lock*, published not long afterwards, was suggested by a 'romantic' incident. Two aristocratic families had been set at variance by the secret abstraction of a lock of hair from the head of a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her indiscreet lover; and Pope in this piece undertook to mediate between the offended and offending parties, and laugh them together again 'in the most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world.'—*Windsor Forest*, 1713, a fine descriptive poem in a somewhat different style from his other productions, as it exhibits, however faintly, some sense of the attractions of nature.—Translation of the *Iliad*, 1713-25, which Gibbon has well characterised as having 'every merit but that of likeness to the original'—The *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*, 1716, founded on the well-known story of the illicit loves of the professor of theology of the eleventh century and his too charming pupil—the prototype of the Nouvelle Héloïse or Julie of Rousseau. The delicacy of the poet, it has been observed, in veiling over the circumstances of the story, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion, the beauty of his imagery and description, the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Æolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed.—*Essay on Man*, 1733, the merit of which depends rather upon its poetic than philosophic excellence.—The *Dunciad*, in three books (a fourth being added in 1742), a bitterly satirical reply to the lampoons and libels which had greeted his recent miscellanies in prose and verse, undertaken in conjunction with Swift. In the later edition of the *Dunciad*, Colley Cibber, the then laureate, takes the place of Theobald, the original 'monarch of dulness,' who was dethroned to make way for him. Chiefly remarkable for that unrivalled easiness of versification and satire which especially distinguishes Pope. In 'masculine' vigour, however, he is inferior to his great master, Dryden.

Perhaps his *Eloisa to Abelard* may be regarded as his finest poem. *The Messiah*, an imitation of Virgil's well-known *Eclogue* and of the Jewish prophets, is also greatly and deservedly admired.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song !
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou ! my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
' A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh spring to light ! auspicious Babe, be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring !
See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance !
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !

A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo ! earth receives Him from the bending skies :
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay !
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold :
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age !
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes :
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er—
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise : the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun :

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field ;
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods :
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet ;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and spotted snake ;
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey.
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.*

Messiah.

BELINDA.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

* The originals of the subject of these eloquent verses—a favourite fancy of the poets—are to be found in the sublime enthusiasm of Isaiah *passim*, and in the fourth Eclogue of Virgil. See the *genuine* expression of the same aspirations in the *Queen Mab* and *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

ABOVE, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too:
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate with the moon.
Around a thousand wingèd wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
the sky.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore :
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike :
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Rape of the Lock.

LA RELIGIEUSE.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;
 Desires composed, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven ;
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes :
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring :
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing.
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Eloisa to Abelard.

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Around a thousand wingèd wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way :
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie :
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

Temple of Fame.

EARLY SUPERSTITION.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise !
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes.
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods,—
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust,
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.

Then sacred seem'd the ethereal vault no more :
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore.
 Then first the flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood :
 With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

Essay on Man.

THE TRUE FAITH.

For forms of government let fools contest :
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false, that thwarts this one great end ;
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

Id.

TO THE CRITICS.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill :
 But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this :
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches : none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share :

Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind.
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But, as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is, by ill colouring, but the more disgraced,
So, by false learning, is good sense defaced :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.

Essay on Criticism.

PHILOSOPHY OF LEARNING.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride !
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing !
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts ;
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind.
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So, pleased, at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
 The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way.
 The increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes—
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

Id.

THE ORGAN.

DESCEND, ye Nine : descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire ;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In sadly-pleasing strain,
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sound the skies :
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats ;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies :

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above !

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear :
Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given :
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lifts the soul to heaven.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

THOMSON.

1700-1747.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Winter*, 1726. Three editions appeared in the same year.—*Summer*, 1727.—*The Four Seasons*, 1730. This complete poem was published by subscription, 387 subscribers enrolling their names for a guinea a copy. If without pretension to the pre-eminent genius of the very greatest poems, equally with the *Faery Queen* and the *Paradise Lost* it forms an important epoch in the history of English poetry. In the *true* worship of the beauty of the external world it is far superior to anything up to that time produced. Contrasted with the school of Dryden and Pope, or rather with the feeble crowd of their imitators, it is the language of Nature. *The Seasons* was the direct forerunner of *The Task*; of the poetry of Cowper, of Burns, and of Wordsworth.—*Sophonisba*, a tragedy, 1730, founded upon the tragic history of that unfortunate Carthaginian princess, as given by Livy.—*Liberty*, 1732, with the spirit of which Campbell seems occasionally to have been inspired in *The Pleasures of Hope*. Neither of the two latter productions, although the *Sophonisba* obtained great success on the stage at the time, has added much to the fame of the author of *The Seasons*.—*The Castle of Indolence*, the most highly finished of his poems. To this production ‘he brought,’ says Campbell, ‘not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the *Faery Queen*; and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.’ In fact the poet had been unceasingly labouring to perfect himself in his *art*: in natural genius and enthusiasm he had never been wanting. For sixteen years he had been engaged, more or less, in correcting and improving *The Seasons*: and the last corrected edition is, in great measure, a new work.

His natural enthusiasm, a genuine inspiration, for all that is charming and beautiful in nature, (what vulgar minds are unable to realise,) forms his chief poetic characteristic. But, above all, his sympathy with suffering in all its forms (see particularly his reflections after the picture of the snow-storm in *Winter*), not limited to any one race or species, but extended to all innocent sentient life; his indignation

against oppression and injustice to which he gives expression whenever the occasion arises, are what most honourably distinguish him from all his predecessors, and indeed from most of his successors. The one poetic fault of *The Seasons* is an occasional unsuitableness of diction to the particular subject he is describing. Some of his epithets are unfortunately chosen, are somewhat too grandiose and pompous where a simpler diction would have enhanced the intrinsic beauty of his thoughts and feeling; and it is not a little to be regretted that, in the course of his careful revisions, the poet had not been happily inspired to correct this particular blemish. Simplicity of language, however, was perhaps hardly to be expected in an age of artificiality, in which the grand style was considered of the very essence of true poetry. It was reserved for Goldsmith, and especially Cowper, some time later, to show that the poetic style does not necessarily suffer from being clothed in a simpler dress.

Spite of such superficial fault, Thomson will always deserve one of the first places in the admiration as well as affection of every genuine worshipper of the beautiful and the true in nature and humanity. He is the poet who ought especially to be placed in the hands of the young, of sufficient age and education to profit by his ennobling inspirations. *The Castle of Indolence*, in the stanza of Spenser, with its delightful Spenserian imagery and pictures of fairy-land, in a different style, can never be read without a feeling of enchantment.

Comparing the different characteristics of Thomson and Cowper, Coleridge expresses his feeling, which must be that of every discriminating reader, that, if the latter is the more correct and idiomatic in diction, the author of *The Seasons* was the *born* poet. Cowper's image of nature, says Campbell, is more curiously distinct and familiar: Thomson carries our associations through a wider circuit of speculation and sympathy. His touches cannot be more faithful than Cowper's, but they are more soft and select, and less disturbed by the intrusion of homely objects. Cowper was certainly much indebted to him; and though he elevates his style with more reserve and judgment than his predecessor, yet, in his highest moments, he seems to retain an imitative remembrance of him. It is, he continues, stale to remark the beauties of a poem so universally felt; the truth and general interest with which he carries us through the life of the year; the harmony of succession which he gives to the casual phenomena of nature; his pleasing transition from native to foreign scenery; and the soul of exalted and unfeigned benevolence which accompanies his prospects of the creation. The style of verse of *The Seasons* has received the praise of Johnson for its thorough originality:—'His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation.'

THE SEASONS.

THE VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL DIETS.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds ;
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood ;
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.*

.

* Apart from the pleasing fictions of Golden Ages and States of Innocence, and without venturing to enter on the question whether or no flesh-eating has been productive of so much disease, physical and moral, as has been maintained by the vegetarians, it is, at least, pretty clear from the facts of physiology that man was originally formed to be a frugivorous, and not carnivorous, animal. Some eighteen centuries ago, Plutarch in his essay *On Flesh-Eating* (Περὶ τῆς Σαρκοφαγίας), pointed this out. The Hellenic myth of Prometheus and the stolen fire (for the

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.
 For, with hot ravin fired, ensanguined man
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
 E'er plough'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.

But man, whom nature form'd of milder clay,
 ery kind emotion in his heart,
 ught alone to weep ; while from her lap
 ars ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 aits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 ms that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 ears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 oop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 ip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 -stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,
 have you done ? ye peaceful people, what
 erit death ? you who have given us milk
 scious streams, and lent us your own coat
 inst the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,
 t harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 what has he offended ? he, whose toil,

oses of cooking) has been supposed to refer to the period when
 first took to carnivorous habits.

Those who wish to see the physiological and philosophic arguments
 vegetarianism briefly stated, may find them eloquently set forth in a
 te of Shelley's to his *Queen Mab*.

Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 E'en of the clowns he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour?

Spring.

THE LOVES OF THE BIRDS.

LEND me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I
 From the first note the hollow
 The symphony of Spring, and
 Unknown to fame, the passion
 When first the soul of love
 Warm through the vital air, a
 Harmonious seizes, the gay
 In gallant thought to plume
 And try again the long-forgo
 At first faint-warbled: but
 The soft infusion prevalent,
 Than, all alive, at once thei
 In music unconfined. Up
 Shrill-voiced, and loud, the
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he
 Amid the dawning clouds,
 Calls up the tuneful natio
 Deep-tangled, tree irregul
 Bending with dewy moist
 Of the coy choristers that
 Are prodigal of harmony.
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length

Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring, by a thousand tricks, to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach :
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.*

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods

* For the best and most exhaustive history of the rivalry and selection which characterise the loves of the birds, see Darwin's most recent work *The Descent of Man*.

They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some :
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand

High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away, or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ;
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins.

Spring.

TO THE BIRD-BUYERS.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confined, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost :
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear !
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,

The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls :
Her pinions ruffle and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings !
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe : till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

Id.

THE AUTHOR OF LIGHT AND LIFE.

PRIME cheerer, Light !
Of all material beings first, and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train,
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life !

How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling Spirit ; from the unfetter'd mind
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam !

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
With all the tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn ; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower ;
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the relucant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter : and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,

And all the much-transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far ; great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

Summer.

THE ENGLISH MASTERS OF POETRY.

For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?
 A genius universal as his theme ;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime !
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Id.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth :
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,

And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride ;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves : unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

Autumn.

' SPORT.'

HERE the rude clamour of the Sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winding horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :
How in his mid-career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more.
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
Glanced just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song,
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes impatient, with the gleaming morn :
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant, Man,

Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
'To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm ;
But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full-opening various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
For a weak, harmless, flying creature, all

Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight ;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the most
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
Deception short ! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Oft seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish : while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,

Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase ; behold, despising flight,
 The roused up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die.

Id.

THE HORRORS OF WINTER.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
 home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and bless'd abode of man !
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man;
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire, fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out into
 The mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home.* On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Winter.

* See the original of this in Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.* IV.:—

At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
 Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
 Præripere.

and compare Gray's *Elegy*.

HUMAN SELFISHNESS.

AN little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

Id.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

I

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate :
That like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half-prankt with spring, with summer half-em-
brown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

III

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters' sheen ;
That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood ;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood :
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow.

VI

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII

The landskip, such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight),
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by ;
For, as they chaunced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his siren melody ;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chord these tempting verses
sung :—

IX

‘ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearn’d pleasure gay ;
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
What youthful bride can equal her array ?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky !

X

‘ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Suck grateful kindly raptures them emove :
They neither plough nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
E’er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI

‘ Outcast of nature, Man ! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
For, when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain,
Guile, Violence, and Murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII

‘ Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
 Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 For ever vain : come, and withouten fee
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
 Of full delight. O come, ye weary wights, to me !

XIII

‘ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;
 Or louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

.

XVI

‘ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
 Above the reach of wild Ambition’s wind,
 Above those passions that the world deform,
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
 Across the enliven’d skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII

‘ The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embitter’d more from peevish day to day.
E’en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown’d of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII

‘ But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, ’tis not forbidden here :
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms and deck the vernal year ;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude : the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr’s sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX

‘ O grievous folly to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun,
When, sudden, comes blind, unrelenting Fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto’s reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.’

XX

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song,
 That by a kind of magic power constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

.

XXVI

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
 Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns :
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII

Thus easy-robed, they to the fountain sped
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew :
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew ;
 It was a fountain of nepenthe rare,
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care,
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
 more fair.

.

XXXV

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all :
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale ;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortured heart,
Or, looking tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace
impart.

XXXVII

Those pleased the most where, by a cunning hand
Depainted, was the patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then : of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
Bless'd sons of Nature they ! true golden age indeed !

XXXVIII

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
Or autumn's varied shades embrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came ; till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL

A certain music, never known before,
Here soothed the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more
But sidelong to the gently waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight,

XLI

Ah me ! what hand can touch the strings so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

XLII

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore ;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
At doors and windows threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell ;
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My muse will not attempt your fairy land :
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

XLVI

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
E'en feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down, black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep ;
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to
keep.

COLLINS.

1720–1756.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Oriental Eclogues*, containing some fine descriptions, 1743.—Odes (in which species of poetry, with Gray, he occupies one of the highest places in English literature), *The Passions*, *On the Poetical Character*, *To Fear*, *To Pity*, *To Evening*, *To Liberty*, and *On the Death of Thomson*, 1746. *The Ode to the Passions* in particular, though not equal to Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, has been ranked amongst the best efforts of the lyric muse. Like so many others of his poetic brethren, Collins experienced both the inconveniences of recklessness and poverty, and the indifference of the public. His friendship and admiration for Thomson forms the most interesting feature in his life.

‘A cloud of obscurity,’ says Campbell, ‘sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feeling. The absence of even this speck of mysticism from his *Ode on the Passions* is perhaps the happy circumstance that secured its unbounded popularity. His genius loved to breathe rather in the præternatural and ideal element of poetry than in the atmosphere of imitation which lies closest to real life; his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the manners, were still tending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract. Certainly, however, he carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought: his enthusiasm spreads a glow even amongst “the shadowy tribes of mind;” and his allegory is as sensible to the heart as it is visible to the fancy.’ Next to his masterpiece, his *Ode to Fear* seems to deserve the greatest admiration.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;

By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song :
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state :
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ? *
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders in that godlike age
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 Oh ! bid our vain endeavours cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

* The poet here gives expression to the fashionable prejudice, amongst the learned, as to the unapproachable excellence of the old Hellenic and Latin literatures, and, in particular, their poetic superiority. After the age of Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, &c. (crowning the earlier achievements of Dante, Chaucer, Ariosto, and Spenser), such a belief, before incontrovertible, had become an egregious anachronism. Yet towards the end of the seventeenth century a controversy, almost theological in its bitterness, was long maintained between the partizans of the 'Ancients and Moderns ;' and Perrault's assault upon the hitherto unquestioned position of the former was resented by Sir W. Temple in the most extravagant apology or rather eulogy ever published. All the most famous wits and *littérateurs* joined in the fray ; the most influential—Pope, Swift, Boyle, &c., ranging themselves on the orthodox side. The 'Battle of the Books' was renewed in the middle of the last century, when the Encyclopédistes succeeded to the heretics of the previous age. What was an absurd prejudice in the days of Temple, is, at the present day, an egregious folly. Yet we still hear the term 'classical' (meaning 'of the first class') commonly and entirely appropriated to the old Hellenic and Latin writers ! As for the *virtues* of the ancient sages, so much lauded, they were, according to the facts of history, of a somewhat negative kind.

DIRGE TO FIDELE.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

* An imitation of the dirge sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over the grave of Fidele, supposed to be dead. See *Cymbeline*.

GRAY.

1716-1771.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, 1747.—*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (the best known and most popular of all his poems), 1749.—*A Hymn to Adversity*.—*Pindaric Odes*, comprising *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, 1757.

‘The poetry of Gray,’ says a writer in *Chambers’ Cyclopædia of English Literature*, ‘is all comprised in a few pages, yet he appears worthy to rank in quality with the first order of poets. His two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure As a poet, Gray studied in the school of the ancient Greek and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his inimitable mosaic work, over which he breathed the life and fragrance of eternal spring. In his country tours [referring to his highly picturesque Letters] the poet carried with him a plano-convex mirror which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting, fixing, and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural, and interesting—rich or magnificent—but it is seen but for a moment. . . . Had his situation and circumstances been different, the genius of this accomplished and admirable poet would in all probability have expanded, so as to embrace subjects of wider and more varied interest—of greater length and diversity of character.’ As it is, his odes will be chiefly read and appreciated by those only who are well acquainted with and appreciate the fire and spirit of the old Hellenic lyric poetry. The *Elegy*, on the other hand, appeals to the sympathies of all readers of taste and feeling. Hence it is that production upon which the fame of Gray will always most widely rest.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe!
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,*
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

* Compare the original of the ideas and epithets of these last verses in *Il Penseroso*.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen),
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart ;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.—1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
 The laughing flowers that round them blow
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow !

* To fully understand the inspiration of this splendid Ode it is necessary to read the *Triumphal Odes* (unfortunately the only remains) of the Great Master of the lyre—Pindar, with whom his English disciple is not unworthy to rank.

Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour !
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I.—2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I.—3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures :
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare ;
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way ;
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love. :

II.—1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II.—2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II.—3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rins the creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound ;
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III.—1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 ' This pencil take,' she said, ' whose colours clear,
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

III.—2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

III.—3.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn :
But ah ! 'tis heard no more --

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now ! Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle * bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air :

* 'Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens, that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.'—*Gray*.

The reference in the preceding verses is to the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day*.

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way,
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far!—but far above the Great.

PLEASURES OF VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing ;
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy Spring ;
Till April starts, and calls around .
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet :
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet.
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :

Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know :
'Tis man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace :
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Of deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again ;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence Pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

While, far below, the madding crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.*

ELEGY

Written in a Country Churchyard.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

* These exquisite verses, unfortunately, were left unfinished by the poet. The four concluding verses were added by his friend Mason.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

[The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the Brave, and idolise Success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Power or Genius e'er conspired to bless.] *

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

* The stanzas marked by brackets have been recently added from the early editions, or from the MS. left by Gray.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife—
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

[Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

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GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*The Traveller*, 1764, which at once secured universal approbation from both the critics and the public.—*The Good-natured Man* (comedy), 1767.—*The Deserted Village*, 1770.—*She Stoops to Conquer* (comedy), 1773, brought out at Covent Garden with unusual success. Goldsmith, as is well known, was also a prolific prose-writer both in the periodicals of the day and in a more solid and permanent form; and his *Vicar of Wakefield* remains the most exquisite gem of its kind in prose-fiction in the English language.

If *The Traveller* called forth the greater amount of eulogy from the critics of the day, for simplicity and naturalness of style, with the most charming succession of pictures of rural life, *The Deserted Village*, we imagine, will always and justly secure the preference of most readers. ‘Fiction in poetry,’ says Campbell, ‘is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of Nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups of scenery of *The Deserted Village*.’ ‘His descriptions and sentiments,’ remarks the same just critic, ‘have the pure zest of Nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages [in *The Traveller*], be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own, and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression, but still it is select and refined expression. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection which gives back the image of Nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts or false transports; but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself.’

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill ;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made.
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round ;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.—

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below :
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year :
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, or wish'd to change, his place :
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,—
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side :
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran :
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :*

* The fine character of the 'village preacher' of Lissoy (the original of Auburn), seems to be taken from that of the parson of the *Canterbury*

As some tall cliff that lifts his awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,

Tales. It is to be regretted that, in dispensing his charities, his judgment was not somewhat more on a par with his benevolence.

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place :
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care !
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway :
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy ?

NATIONAL WEALTH.

YE friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a *splendid* and a *happy* land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.—
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress :
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

The Deserted Village.

‘ Genti

Del bel paese là, dov’l sì suona.’

FAR to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain’s side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple’s mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature’s bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

The Traveller.

THE FRENCH AND DUTCH CONTRASTED.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please ;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour !
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land ;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise :
They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;—
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves ; *
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Id.

* However true, unfortunately, may be the *general* fact of the accompanying mischiefs of extended commerce and accumulated wealth, it may appear somewhat unfair that the Dutch should be singled out as the *sole* representatives of a state of things, which, under similar conditions of society and similar laws, must necessarily prevail in all countries. In fact, the concluding verses of *The Traveller* may be justly thought to savour too much of that 'John Bullism' which seems to consist in exalting ourselves at the expense of others.

THOMAS WARTON.

1728-1790.

Known chiefly in the province of polite criticism. Some of his sonnets have received high praise from Hazlitt, who characterises them as some of the finest in the language. His *History of English Poetry* is his chief title to literary fame.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

MINDFUL of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, the evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around
That clothe the garden's southern bound :
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps.
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom ;
And but by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand :
The fresh-turn'd soil, with tender blades,
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge ;

Or to the distant eye displays,
Weakly green, its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green ;
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring ;
The butterfly, gay-painted, soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon ;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark :
But, when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Beneath a willow long forsook,
The fisher seeks his 'custom'd nook,
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
Startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.
His free-born vigour yet unbroke,
By lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,

And stretch'd among the daises pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side :
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the dale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance :
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay ;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn

COWPER.

1731-1800.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—A volume of poems, 1782, comprising the pieces entitled *Table Talk*, *The Progress of Error*, *Tirocinium or a Review of Schools*, *Truth*, *Hope*, *Conversation*.—*The Task*, 1785, immediately received with extraordinary favour. Compared with by far the greater part of the so-called poetry of the day, it was the language of nature and truth.—Translation of the *Iliad*, 1791, and an only partially accomplished edition of Milton.—*The Castaway*, composed not long before his death. The reputation of Cowper rests mainly upon *The Task*, the most considerable as well as most valuable of his productions. It was the second great poem inspired by a true worship of Nature, and celebrating the charms of the sights and sounds of the fields and woods; and the authors of *The Seasons* and *The Task* may be regarded together as the two great ‘landscape painters’ of English poetry. Their distinctive peculiarities have already been hinted at in the brief sketch of Thomson’s career. The one excels in enthusiasm: the other in the greater correctness of his diction: the one in the splendour and richness of his colouring, the other in the correctness of his drawing.

As to the somewhat different sources of their inspiration, Coleridge has remarked that ‘the love of Nature seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of Nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into Nature; the other flies to Nature from his fellow-men.’ Using the term ‘religion’ in its received and conventional sense, as equivalent to ‘theology,’ Cowper’s religious opinions appear to have been of the ordinary orthodox type, though, doubtless, with him a *real* feeling; but, interpreting the word in its better sense, as the creed, or rather practice, of justice, truth, and humanity, the religion of the author of *The Task* will be allowed to have been the most exalted and noble that can well be imagined. Excepting Thomson and Shelley, no poet has given expression to so noble a profession of faith, and with so much apparent earnestness, as Cowper. However, then, it may have been with the theological prejudices of education or temperament, the traditional creed; in all that belongs to reality his *religion* may well be thought to have been of the most practical kind.

‘His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose, to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his

imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly *The Task* was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject with inimitable grace and melody. In this respect Cowper has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of *The Task* in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads, is described with the vividness of painting. . . . From the beginning to the end of *The Task* we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, his walks with Mrs. Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had “grown sober in the vale of years;” his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe taste and skill of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display.’ (*Cyclopedia of English Literature*.) In his great work the popular religionism is not so offensively obtruded as in most of his lesser poems. The wisdom which he imbibed from his silent communings with Nature had doubtless corrected in great measure if it had not altogether obliterated, the early prejudices of education and tradition, intensified, as they were, by that terrible malady which darkened the life of one of the most estimable of *thinkers* and *writers*.

THE TASK.

ART AND NATURE.

LOVELY indeed the mimic works of Art,
 But Nature’s works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter’s magic skill,
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls:
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature every sense.
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,

The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 . And music of her woods—no works of man
 May rival these : these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renew'd ;
 Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
 He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours dank
 And clammy of his dark abode have bred,
 Escapes at last to liberty and light :
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue,
 His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires ;
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
 He does not scorn it, who has long endured
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs :
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
 With acrid salts ; his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall sides he stands, possess'd
 With visions prompted by intense desire :
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find :—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The Sofa.

NATIONALISM AND COSMOPOLITANISM.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,

Might never reach me more ! My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own, and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.

The Time-Piece.

TRUE AND FALSE NATURE-WORSHIP.

THEY love the country, and none else, who seek
 For their own sake its silence and its shade :
 Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
 Susceptible of pity, or a mind
 Cultured and capable of sober thought,
 For all the savage din of the swift pack,
 And clamours of the field ? Detested sport,
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain ;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence that agonies inspire
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs !
 Vain tears, alas ! and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls.

The Garden.

BODIES CORPORATE.

MAN in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed : 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond
For interest sake, or swarming into clans
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fade rapidly and, by compression marr'd,
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues ;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature, and the common rights of man ;
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial justice red.
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world
Misleads it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

The Winter Evening.

WINTER.

Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the house-wife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut, and, wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.

How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought: the imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close, and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.

The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut now
Repays their labour more ; and perch'd aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse, or half-digested grain.

The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved ; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
Not so, where scornful of a check it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below :
No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.

And see where it has hung the embroider'd banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene :
Here glittering turrets rise, upheaving high
(Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairyland. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam : there emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,

And in defiance of her rival powers :
 By these fortuitous and random strokes
 Performing such inimitable feats,
 As she with all her rules can never reach.

The Winter Morning Walk.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MANNERS.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science, blinds
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets
 In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee, therefore, still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence, till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free.

My native nook of earth ! thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness ; and none more than mine :
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From nature's bounty—that humane address

And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.

The Winter Morning Walk.

WISDOM *v.* KNOWLEDGE.*

THE night was winter in its roughest mood,
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower
 Whence all the music. I again perceive
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
 And settle in soft musings as I tread
 The walk still verdant, under oaks and elms,
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
 The roof though moveable through all its length,
 As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,

* See Shakespeare's language on the same subject, page 46. 'Wisdom' and 'Learning' are, in the popular estimate, too frequently confounded, as though they were necessarily synonymous and convertible terms. Montaigne (whose ideas are not *always* so unexceptionable) has admirably pointed out the difference between the *most* and the *best* learning. And commenting on the verse of the Hellenic poet:

‘Ὡς οὐδὲν ἡ μάθησις, ἣν μὴ νοῦς παρῇ,

he exclaims, 'Plût à Dieu que, pour le bien de notre justice, ces compagnies-là [parliaments, &c.] se trouvassent aussi bien fournies d'entendement et de conscience, comme elles sont encore de science! *Non vitæ sed scholæ discimus.*'—*Essais. Du Pédantisme.*

And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half-suppress'd :
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought ;
And swallowing therefore, without pause or choice,

The total grist unsifted, husks and all.

But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

The Winter Walk at Noon.

NATURAL MIRACLES.

ALL we behold is miracle, but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps, and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked, shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish, even to the distant eye,
Its family and tribe. Laburnum rich
In streaming gold; syringa ivory pure;

The scentless and the scented rose, this red
And of a humbler growth, the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foaming surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;
The lilac various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all ;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late ;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers like flies clothing her slender rods
That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon, too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,
Yellow and bright as bullion unalloy'd
Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.
These have been, and these shall be in their day :
And all this uniform, uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.

Id.

RURAL SIGHTS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander : neither mist,
Nor freezing sky, nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
E'en in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me ; and the stock dove, unalarm'd,
Sits cooing in the pine tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.

Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play :
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech ; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds aloud,
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

Id.

MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they who occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort.

.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man ; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof,
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection. Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault,
Under dissection of the knotted scourge :
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driven to the slaughter, goaded as he runs
To madness, while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury spent

Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
 He, too, is witness, noblest of the train
 That wait on man, the flight-performing horse :
 With unsuspecting readiness he takes
 His murderer on his back, and push'd all day,
 With bleeding sides, and flanks that heave for life,
 To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.
 So little mercy shows who needs so much !
 Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
 Denounce no doom on the delinquent ? None.*
 He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts

* Written in 1785. Some forty years later, in face of an almost incredible amount of opposition from selfish interest and equally selfish indifferentism both in and out of the Houses of Parliament, the genuine humanitarianism of Mr. Martin and two or three other co-operators, at length forced the Legislature to interfere, for the first time, to protect, in some degree, the domesticated inferior races of beings. The new Act, however, was of importance as a *recognition* of the *right* of the inferior animals to the protection, scanty as it was, of the laws, rather than as any very effectual or earnest intervention on their behalf. Even now, spite of one or two later extensions of the Act, legislative, or, at all events, administrative, intervention is miserably inadequate and compromising, witness *e.g.* the contemporary records of the police courts and magisterial benches. Law has always been more concerned to *punish* than to *prevent* crime ; but in the present instance it has been little concerned even to punish. Education (at once scientific and moral) alone can cure the barbarism of inhumanity ; and only when the general indifferentism (the greatest obstacle to every kind of reform) has been removed, will adequate ideas on the subject begin to prevail. Meanwhile it is not beside the purpose to observe (a fact that has been ably pointed out in *Lectures on the Science of Language*) that mere words and names have, owing to the imperfection of language for expressing ideas, from the first dawn of language, exercised an incalculable and fatal influence upon human thought and action. So long as the present stereotyped terms, almost as illogical as they are mischievous—'beast,' 'brute,' 'animal' (as though man were not himself animal) continue to sanction the popular prejudices as to the physical sensibility and reasoning faculties of the non-human races, so long does it seem vain to expect any adequate conception of their claims, and any real and radical revolution in their treatment.

(As if barbarity were high desert)
The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime deem'd innocent on earth
Is register'd in heaven, and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.

Id.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

MAN praises man. The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his ear
To gaze in his eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy :
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he saved the state ?
No. Doth he purpose its salvation ? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out every crevice of the head
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.

Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doom'd to the dust, or lodged already there.

Id.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

‘ Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

‘ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt !

‘ Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

‘ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize:
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway :
Where his eagles never flew—
None invincible as they.’

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush’d to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurl’d them at the foe :—

‘Ruffians ! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due :
Empire is on us bestow’d,
Shame and ruin wait for you.’

BURNS.

1759-1796.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—Most of Burns' productions are of the 'occasional' species. Some of the first to attract notice were *Holy Willy's Prayer*, a humorous satire upon the cant of the orthodox Kirk of the day—*The Holy Fair*, in a similar style—*Address to the Deil*, in which he ridicules the surviving popular notions of his countrymen as to the diabolic attributes: one of his best and most popular pieces.—*Address to a Mouse*, and *On Scaring Waterfowl, &c.*, are instances of feeling which exhibit him as one who could sympathise with all sentient and innocent life, however lowly, as well as appreciate the charms of the inanimate world.—*Tam O'Shanter*, his *chef-d'œuvre*, and the most humorous of all his works: descriptive of the Gilpin-ride of a drunken rustic who imagines himself pursued by a legion of goblins. Amongst his other numerous desultory pieces *The Jolly Beggars*, *Bruce's Address*, *A Vision of Liberty*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and the *Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson*, may be enumerated as the most considerable, and perhaps represent the order of merit and interest.

The merits of Burns are his simple and idiomatic diction, apparent sensibility of feeling, lively humour and originality. He has been sometimes termed the Shakespeare, and sometimes the Byron of Scotland; with what sort of propriety of analogy it is difficult to perceive. In his comic pieces, it may be remarked, he employs his native dialect, while in his serious he adopts the smoother and more euphonious language of the South. Had he lived longer he might perhaps have produced something, if not more valuable, at least more ambitious than he ever attempted. Yet his peculiar genius lay apparently in the sonnet, and, especially, in the humorous style, rather than in the more ambitious flights of the art. Like so many others of the 'tuneful tribe,' he had emerged into fame from the obscure grades of society.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND ON THE
APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring !
The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae ;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang :
But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the queen o' bonny France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !—
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae !
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine !
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

GOTHIC RUINS.

YE holy walls that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time ;
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days !
As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly,
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies :
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display :
The high-arch'd windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze !
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight ?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.—
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane ;
And hark ! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around ?—

'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ;
Till, thence return'd, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay ;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die.
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear ;
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails
Like frostwork touch'd by southern gales ;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decay'd ;
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale ;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high !
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drown'd amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream.
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruin'd sad reality !

On an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Abbey.

SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray :
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,—
See it prostrate on the clay !

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys :
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

CRABBE.

1754–1832.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*The Library*, 1781.—*The Village*, 1783, which met with instant and complete success. It had the advantage or disadvantage of Johnson's corrections. 'Some of the descriptions (as that of the Parish Workhouse) were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain.'—*The Parish Register*, 1807: it had an almost unprecedented success.—*The Borough*, 1810, 'a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete.'—*Tales in Verse*, 1812.—*Tales of the Hall*, 1819. Crabbe is preeminently the poet of real life as it is amongst the rustic poor. As a delineator of 'the simple annals of the poor,' as distinguished from the more pleasing but imaginary style of the fashionable 'pastoral,' the usual, and, until the appearance of *The Village*, the only form indeed in which poetry had condescended to sing of the lower life, he is without a rival in poetry. What Dickens was afterwards in prose-fiction Crabbe is in verse; and he performed the same service for the 'cottage' that Cowper had done for the 'country.' *The Village* and *The Parish Register* are the best of his works, and in their own province they are without a rival. In the *Tales of the Hall* the poet left his humbler theme to describe the manners of the higher life, in which he is not quite so happy. They, nevertheless, contain some fine passages. 'The redeeming and distinguishing feature of his genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representations, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified. His anatomy of character and passion harrows up our feelings, and leaves us in the end sad and ashamed of our own common nature. The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life that figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful, spent in low society, amidst want and

misery, irascible gloom, and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. . . . When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough [in Suffolk, his native village], and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms.' (*Cyclopædia of English Literature*.) Cowper and Crabbe were, in their first careers, almost contemporaneous; the latter being two years in advance. *The Village* was published in 1783, *The Task* in 1785. While the former belonged by birth and education to the upper ranks of society, Crabbe sprung from the lower class. It is not the least creditable circumstance of his career that, after having made his name famous and attracted the patronage of several powerful patrons, by whom he was early in life presented to 'livings' (he had taken orders), he did not abandon the unfashionable themes of his first efforts.

THE PARISH WORKHOUSE.

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
 There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
 There children dwell who know no parents' care;
 Parents, who know no children's love, live there;
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed;
 Forsaken wives and mothers never wed;
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears;
 And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they,
 The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
 Here brought, amid the scenes of grief to grieve,
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below:

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man ;
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between,
Save one dull pane that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head :
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

The Village.

'AN OLD STORY.'

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phoebe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen :
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd ;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd :
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phoebe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd ;
Her beauty won them, and her worth retain'd :
Envy itself could no contempt display ;
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judg'd a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power ;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.

At length the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd ;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own ;
Loud though in love, and confident though young,
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;
By trade a tailor, though in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brush'd the coat he made ;

Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth :—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains :
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled ;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes ;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms :
With water burden'd then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground ;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame, forsakes ;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains :
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits.

In vain—they come, she feels the inflating grief
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief ;
That speaks, in feeble cries, a soul distress'd,
(Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd :
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise ;
And waiting long, till those contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.

The Parish Register.

AN ENGLISH FEN.

ON either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between.
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume.
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed :
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;

Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound :
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun ;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

Tales in Verse.

NATURE'S CEMETERY.

(SONG OF THE CRAZED MAIDEN.)

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed ;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow, instead :
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath !
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below :
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand ;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid ;
Nor let my changèd clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play :
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringèd earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage-rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
I cannot these cold truths allow :
These thoughts may not afflict me there ;
But oh ! they vex and tease me now !
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place !

CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

PRINCIPAL WORKS :—*The Pleasures of Hope*, 1799, of which four editions were published within the year—*Ode to Winter* and *On the Battle of Hohenlinden*, 1800—*Gertrude of Wyoming*, *A Pennsylvanian Tale*, 1809—*Lochiel's Warning*, *The Last Man*, *O'Connor's Child*—*Theodoric and other Poems*, 1824—*The Pilgrim of Glencoe and other Poems*, 1842. *The Pleasures of Hope* (a title suggested by Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*) was published by the poet at the age of twenty-one: though not without signs of immature thought, it contains many eloquent and charming verses, and some of the episodes are especially fine, e.g. the digression on the partition of Poland. The melody and smoothness of the verse, doubtless, contributed largely to its extensive popularity. Twenty-one is an age, it is remarkable, at which some of the most famous poems in the language were composed—Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and, more marvellous than all, Shelley's *Queen Mab*, which indeed was written at the still earlier age of eighteen.

Gertrude of Wyoming is the most considerable of Campbell's later works: but the *Ode to Winter* (inspired by the horrors of the Continental war then raging and of which he was, in part, an eye-witness) is the production which perhaps more than any other entitles him to his place among the British poets. He was an excellent critic as well as writer, of poetry; and his criticisms in the *Specimens of the British Poets* are for the most part equally just and elegant.

HOPE.

At summer eve, when heaven's ærial bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
 Thus from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
 And every form, that Fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
 The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
 Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,
 'Tis Nature pictured too severely true !
 With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
 Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

.
 Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe ;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower :
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
 What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

The Pleasures of Hope.

‘VÆ VICTIS.’

ОН, bloodiest picture in the book of time !
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career :
 Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell !
 The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
 Earth shook, red meteors flash'd along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Id.

 ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun
 His heavenly race began to run,
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew :—
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel-grace ;
 Rosy Summer, next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace—

Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep
Or India's citron-cover'd isles.
More remote, and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness at his side
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale—
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form ;
Till Light's returning Lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel ! Power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart :

Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear :
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
O winds of Winter ! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan ?
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ?
Alas ! e'en your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low ;
But Man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe.

(Germany, December 1800.)

WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

PRINCIPAL WORKS :—*The Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches*, 1793. —*Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, a production in which he joined with Coleridge, 'designed by him as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that "really used by men." The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent, a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by the poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as "The Idiot Boy," and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or ensure general success.'—Two more volumes were published in 1807.—*The Excursion*, 1814, his most considerable work. In this poem, though with considerable modifications, he repeated his earlier theories as to the suitableness of everyday life and language to the character of poetry.—*The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Peter Bell*, *Yarrow Revisited*, &c., are among the most pretentious of his remaining productions. Unfortunately for immediate success, the more brilliant genius of the new school—of Scott and Byron, in their differing styles, had almost exclusively preoccupied the public admiration and patronage; and the new and somewhat prosaic style of his metaphysical poetry was little adapted then, or is indeed even now, to attract any but a very limited number of readers. In six years not more than 500 copies of *The Excursion* were called for. The less brilliant, but perhaps more substantial, merits of Wordsworth in course of time gradually gained a wider circle of admirers and disciples. Without detracting from the general value of *The Excursion*, his miscellaneous and shorter pieces, particularly his *Poems of the Fancy*, and *Poems of the Imagination*, may justly be considered his happiest

productions. Some of these, such as the ode *To the Celandine*, *A Portrait*, *The Green Linnet*, &c., possess unusual beauty. It is obvious to compare Wordsworth with Cowper ; and, while the former in simplicity and correctness of diction rivals his great master, as well as in the preference for natural scenery, in his shorter poems ; in *The Excursion* we miss the wonderful descriptive power and idiomatic force of *The Task*. Meritorious, too, as the simplicity and purity of his diction may be, his poetry, it must be admitted, verges not unfrequently on the commonplace in matter, and on the prosaic in form. The especial merit of *The Excursion*, we imagine, consists in the simple earnestness of tone which seems to pervade the poem : and, if it is not characterised by any very profound or positive views of the realities and the duties of human life, by drawing the mind away from the ordinary trifles of life to a sober contemplation of animate and inanimate Nature, chiefly in its humbler manifestations, which are too often passed by as undeserving of serious regard by the unthinking crowd, it is, at least, not without incentives to a high moral feeling even though it be of a somewhat negative, and merely contemplative kind.

More fortunate than most of his poetic brethren, if without any very splendid triumphs, Wordsworth passed the greatest part of his career in calm and easy circumstances : a fact which, conjoined to his naturally equable and placid temperament, may explain the prevailing tone of contentment with the surrounding condition of things, and that sort of optimism which seems to characterise his writings. Yet it is remarkable that he, like his intimate friends Coleridge and Southey, began his career with the profession of a creed by no means in consonance with that of the prevailing orthodoxy. If his revolutionary aspirations had been less pronounced than those of the author of *Wat Tyler* or *Joan of Arc*, they appear in sufficiently striking contrast to his later expression of opinion.

THE EXCURSION.

HELLENIC FANCY.

IN that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretch'd
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lull'd his indolent repose :
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetch'd,

E'en from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,
And fill'd the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Call'd on the lovely wanderer, who bestow'd
That timely light, to share his joyous sport ;
And hence a beaming goddess, with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heavens,
When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thank'd
The Naiad. Sunbeams upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transform'd
Into fleet Oreads, sporting visibly.
The zephyrs fanning, as they pass'd, their wings,
Lack'd not for love fair objects, whom they woo'd
With gentle whisper. Wither'd boughs grotesque,
Stripp'd of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side—
And sometimes, intermix'd with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
These were the lurking satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome deities—or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.

Despondency Corrected.

EDUCATION—THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

OH for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
 And best protection, this imperial realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
 Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
 Binding herself by statute * to secure
 For all the children whom her soil maintains
 The rudiments of letters, and to inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood and practised—so that none,
 However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustain'd ; or run
 Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
 To drudge through weary life without the aid
 Of intellectual implements and tools,
 A savage horde among the civilised,
 A servile band among the lordly free !
 This right, as sacred almost as the right
 To exist and be supplied with sustenance
 And means of life, the lisping babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by heaven's will,
 For the protection of his innocence :
 And the rude boy—who, having overpass'd

* Written in 1814. The *Elementary Education Act*—the first Act of the State (i.e. the influential Public as represented in the Legislature) to recognise this obligation—was passed in 1870. It remains to be seen whether the tardiness of the State in recognising such obligation is about to be atoned for, in some measure, by the *quality* of the instruction to be given in the national schools—whether, in short, the teaching is to continue to consist of bare ‘facts and figures,’ or to be for the future a *real* education ; moral as well as intellectual.

The sinless age, by conscience is enroll'd,
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand, on mischief bent,
 Or turns the sacred faculty of speech
 To impious use—by process indirect
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
 This universal plea in vain address'd,
 To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
 Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear,
 Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good.

Discourse of the Wanderer, etc.

A HERALD OF SPRING.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises :
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story :
 There is a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star :
 Up and down the heavens they go
 Men that keep a mighty rout !

I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know:
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them: I aver
That they all are wanton wooers.
But the thrifty cottager
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home:
Spring is coming—thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit!

Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien:—
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorn'd and slighted upon earth!
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.

To the Small Celandine.

A CHILD OF THE SPRING.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,

In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion.
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover :
There ! when the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over !

While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems ;

When in a moment forth he teems
 His little song in gushes :
 As if it pleased him to disdain
 And mock the form which he did feign,
 While he was dancing with the train
 Of leaves among the bushes.

To the Green Linnet.

LA CHIARA-OSCURA.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn :
 A dancing shape, and image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too ;
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill :
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
 To warn, to comfort, and command
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

SCOTT.

1771-1832.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805, the first of a style of poetry quite new and original. It met with immediate success.—*Marmion*, 1808, the most ambitious of all his poetic tales.—*The Lady of the Lake*, 1810, the crowning point of the fame and popularity of the author.—*The Vision of Don Roderick*, 1813—*Rokeby*, and *The Bride of Triermain*, 1814—*The Lord of the Isles*, 1815. Besides these and his numerous well-known novels, he published some dramatic pieces which, however, did not add to his fame. Besides inferiority in merit, the diminished popularity which attended the later poetic productions of Scott was doubtless owing to the appearance of a new and still more brilliant favourite. In 1812 *Childe Harold*, in part at least, had already blazed upon the admiring world: and this brilliant effort had been followed up in rapid succession by the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, &c. Of all the poems of Scott few, it may be taken for granted, will hesitate to give the palm to *The Lady of the Lake*. The plan of the romance, the graphic descriptive scenes of Highland life and manners, their clan-gatherings, the picturesque pictures of natural scenery, and not least the introduction of some exquisite lyrics at intervals between the narrative parts, combine to give a peculiar interest and charm to that poem.

Scott is the poet *par excellence*, of chivalry. In graphic description of the manners of feudal times, of tournaments, knightly-combats, and their fair patronesses, &c., whether in his poetic or prose fiction, he is probably without a rival. He had deeply studied, and was thoroughly appreciative of the spirit of, the old national ballads; and hence it is that his incidental lyrical or ballad pieces are often amongst his happiest productions. ‘The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his *Christabel* having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of

tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in *Marmion*, or the swell and agitation of a battle-field.'

His genius seems to have lain, in fact, chiefly in description : he had, or at least, discovers, little sympathy with those deeper questionings which the recent Revolution in France had aroused in the minds of the more earnest thinkers : nor does he appear to have had any profound insight into the realities of human life. His poetry, however, must always please by its unusual clearness and smooth versification which make it so easy to follow his narrative.

LOCH KATRINE.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain,
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,

All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer-heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw

Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

The Lady of the Lake.

ELLEN.

SCARCE again his horn he wound,
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping-willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—,
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear !

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye :

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North .
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O ! need I tell that passion's name ?

Id.

A HIGHLAND GATHERING.

FAST as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;
With changèd cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;
The herds without a keeper stray'd,
The plough was in mid-furrow stay'd,
The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay .

Prompt at the signal of alarms,
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms :
 So swept the tumult and affray
 Along the margin of Achray.
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

Id.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !
 The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

‘O SANTISSIMA! O PURISSIMA!’

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden’s prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banish’d, outcast, and reviled:—
 Maiden! hear a maiden’s prayer!
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern’s heavy air
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled:
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden’s prayer!
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
 Hear for a maid a maiden’s prayer!
 And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

'THE SLEEP THAT KNOWS NOT BREAKING.'

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting-fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Id.

MOORE.

1780–1852.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Odes and Epistles*, 1806—*Irish Songs and Melodies*, 1813, which at once secured the popular favour—*Lalla Rookh*, 1817, containing four poems or tales charmingly connected by the intervention of the lady, who gives her name to the whole production, and her princely lover who prefers to win the affections of his mistress in the disguise of a humble bard, and recites these romantic tales in verse for her special amusement. They are severally entitled *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, *Paradise and the Peri*, *The Fire-Worshippers*, and *The Light of the Harem*: of which *The Fire-Worshippers* is perhaps the most interesting. *Lalla Rookh* is a rich and fascinating collection of Oriental romance. Its most remarkable feature is its wonderful fidelity to Eastern manners and imagery.—*The Loves of the Angels*, and *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, 1823: the former founded on ‘the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai, which are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of the “angelic air.”’

Moore was the author of numerous sonnets and occasional pieces.

LALLA ROOKH.

THE HAREEM.

WHILE thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
 Each note of which but adds new downy links
 To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
 He turns him toward the sound, and far away
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which day
 Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
 So long the path, its light so tremulous:—
 He sees a group of female forms advance,
 Some chain’d together in the mazy dance

By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others walk'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
A while they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eventide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlit meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind.

The Veile Prophet of Khorassan.

THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place:

‘How happy,’ exclaim’d this child of air,
 ‘Are the holy spirits who wander there,
 ’Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!

‘Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh, ’tis only the blest can say
 How the waters of heaven out-shine them all!
 Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of heaven is worth them all!’

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen’d
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten’d
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden’s fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flower which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise:
 ‘Nymph of a fair but erring line!’
 Gently he said,—‘One hope is thine.
 ’Tis written in the book of Fate,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
 The gift that is most dear to Heaven!

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin :—
 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in !'

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel-hands *
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb the empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.
Paradise and the Peri.

HINDA.

BEAUTIFUL are the maids that glide
 On summer-eves through Yemen's dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
 Before their mirrors count the time,
 And grow still lovelier every hour !
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay harams smiled,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

* 'The Mohammedans suppose that falling-stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens.'—*Moore.*

Light as the angel-shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away.
 •Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze :
 Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this !
 A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere !

The Fire-Worshippers.

THE VANQUISHED CAUSE.

REBELLION ! foul, dishonouring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd :
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Has sunk beneath that withering name,
 Whom but a day's—an hour's success
 Had wafted to eternal fame !
 As exhalations, when they burst
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,

If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs, and sink again ;—
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there.

Id.

THE TRAITOR.

OH for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading oft, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

Id.

THE COMING STORM.

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy :
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past,—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast,—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling :
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormuz' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land ; upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;
And all was boding, drear, and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore :—
No music timed her parting oar,
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,

Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destined bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.*

Id.

‘Φίλον τὸ φέγγος τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ, φίλον.’

BLEST power of Sunshine ! genial Day,
 What balm, what life is in thy ray !
 To feel thee is such real bliss,
 That had the world no joy but this,
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !

Id.

* *Bab-el-Mandeb*, in the poetic style of the Arabs the expressive name for the dangerous entrance to the Red Sea.

MRS. HEMANS.

1793-1835.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*On the Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy and Modern Greece*, 1816, somewhat in the style, though not in the spirit, of parts of the *Childe Harold*—*The Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy, 1823—*The Forest Sanctuary*, 1826—*Songs of the Affections*, 1830. Besides these more ambitious efforts, she gave to the world an immense number of fugitive pieces of various merit. Her two earliest efforts were also her best. Byron praised the *Restoration*, &c., and carried a copy of it with him in his continental travels in 1818. Many of the sonnets and other poems have been admired rather, it may be presumed, for a certain elegance and taste than for originality or profoundness of thought. If, however, there are ‘too many flowers for the fruit,’ the flowers are, many of them, sufficiently attractive. Of the occasional poems, *Elysium* is one of the most original.

ATHENÆ.

BRIGHT as that fairy vision of the wave,
 Raised by the magic of Morgana’s wand,
 On summer seas that undulating lave
 Romantic Sicily’s Arcadian strand;
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean’s breast;
 Athens! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
 As Fancy’s eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh mark on high,
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
 That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
 The purest model of Athenian taste.

Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars rise
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
That round thee spread their deep ethereal bl
And Art o'er all thy light proportions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
Then the fair forms, by Phidias wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in light ;
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright ;
And seem, indeed, whate'er devotion deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its
beams.

But oh ! what words the vision may portray,
The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine ?
There stands thy Goddess, robed in war's array,
Supremely glorious, awfully divine !
With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
And sculptured ægis, to perfection wrought ;
And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought—
The pure intelligence, the chaste repose—
All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

Bright age of Pericles ! let Fancy still
Through time's deep shadows all thy splendour trace,
And in each work of Art's consummate skill
Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race :

That spirit, roused by every proud reward
That hope could picture, glory could bestow,
Foster'd by all the sculptor and the bard
Could give of immortality below.

Thus were thy heroes form'd, and o'er their name
Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

.

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung
To choral melodies and tragic lore :
Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,
The song that hail'd Harmodius peals no more.
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
Thy stately shrines are mouldering on their hill,
Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's hand,
The magic voice of eloquence is still ;
Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone ;
Silent the sage's bower, the warrior's tomb o'erthrown.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
Wondering we view, and silently revere,
As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
By vanish'd beings of a nobler sphere !
Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
All that dominion there hath left to time—
Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,
Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal,
As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic seal.

Though still the empress of the sunburnt waste,
Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced,
Commanding still, Persepolis may stand

In haughty solitude—though sacred Nile
The first-born temples of the world surveys,
And many an awful and stupendous pile
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays :
City of Pericles ! oh, who, like thee,
Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand may be ?

Thou ledst the way to that illumined sphere
Where sovereign beauty dwells; and thence didst
 bear,
Oh, still triumphant in that high career!
Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair:
And still to thee the enlighten'd mind hath flown
As to her country—thou hast been to earth
A cynosure—and e'en from victory's throne,
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth;
And nations, rising to their fame afar,
Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
The gaze of ages! glory to the free!
For they, they only, could have thus imprest
Their mighty image on the years to be!
Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot—
To leave on earth renown that cannot die,
Of high-soul'd genius is the unrivall'd lot.
Honour to thee, O Athens! thou hast shown
What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.
Modern Greece.

MASTER-PIECES OF HELLENIC SCULPTURE.

THERE thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind !
 Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind !*
 Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
 Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
 Oh ! who can tell what beams of heavenly light
 Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
 How many a glimpse, reveal'd to him alone,
 Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own ;
 Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
 Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness !

.
 Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
 In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
 Once more thine own, the immortal Archer's form
 Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm !
 Oh ! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame
 A living temple of ethereal flame ?

Lord of the day-star ! how may words portray
 Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray !
 Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
 Of regal dignity and heavenly grace ;
 Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
 Whose fitful beams have broke on mortal sight :
 Each bold idea, borrow'd from the sky,
 To vest the embodied form of Deity ;
 All, all in thee, ennobled and refined,
 Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined !

* 'The Statue that enchants the world,'—the Venus di Medici at Florence. See Byron's description below.

Son of Elysium ! years and ages gone
Have bow'd in speechless homage at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on thee !

And thou, triumphant wreck,* e'en yet sublime,
Disputed trophy, claim'd by Art and Time :
Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
From thee its fervours of diviner thought !
Where He, the inspired One, whose gigantic mind
Lived in some sphere to him alone assign'd ;
Who from the past, the future, and the unseen,
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien :
Unrivall'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze !
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair ?
Emblem of Rome ! from power's meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world !

And mark yon group, transfix'd with many a throe,
Seal'd with the image of eternal woe :
With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonise the breast,
And the stern combat, picture to mankind
Of suffering nature and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict ! though his pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense ;
Though fix'd on him, his children's suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging Fate denies :
Though with the giant-snake in fruitless strife,
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,
And in each limb existence writhes, enroll'd
Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold ;

* The Belvidere Torso.

Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
 Shall own the might of nature's agony !
 That furrow'd brow unconquer'd soul reveals,
 That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,
 That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
 Nor yields one moan to torture or to death !

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !
 With speechless horror to congeal the heart,
 To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein
 Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain ;
 Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
 May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.*

Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy.

THE ITALIAN MASTERS OF PAINTING.

TURN from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
 On scenes where Painting all her skill displays :
 Landscapes, by colouring dress'd in richer dyes,
 More mellow'd sunshine, more unclouded skies,
 Or dreams of bliss to dying martyrs given,
 Descending seraphs robed in beams of heaven.

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
 Its depths of shadow and its blaze of light ;
 Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
 Explored the worlds above, below, around,
 Children of Italy ! who stand alone
 And unapproach'd, midst regions all your own ;

* See Byron's description of the Laocoon below, and compare Shelley's fine critique on that other sublime conception of human Sorrow—the Niobe at Florence.

What scenes, what beings bless'd your favour'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright !
Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontroll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splendour shed
As burst on prophet-bards in ages fled :
Forms that to trace no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;
These o'er the walls your magic skill array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of heaven ! what heighten'd pomp ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome—
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve,
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chasten'd warmth and Beauty's mellowest glow ;
And when the morn's bright beams and mantling dyes
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine with purple smile
The Parian altar and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full or soften'd radiance falls
On angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That naught of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere, where beings, to mankind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone ! *Id.*

THE GRAVE OF THE OUTCAST:

A DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet Nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters! by;
Faint gales! with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind,
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!

And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then, where wild flowers wave
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

KEATS.

1795—1820.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Endymion: a Poetic Romance*, 1818, displaying at once the immaturity and the true poetic fancy of a possibly great poet. It is founded upon the Hellenic myth of the love of Selene (the divinity of the moon) for the young Latmian Shepherd-prince who was eventually kissed into an everlasting sleep by the Eros-smitten goddess. Like so much of Coleridge's poetry, it is essentially transcendental and dreamy. It was, as is generally known, assailed with a supererogatory amount of critical acumen or spleen in the *Quarterly Review*.—*Hyperion*, an unfinished work, of which Byron professed that 'it seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus.' It is founded upon the myth of the Hellenic theology which narrates the attempt of the rebel angels or Titans to dispossess the usurping tyrant Zeus, in favour of the milder *régime* of Kronos and the other primeval divinities.—*The Eve of St. Agnes*, a mediæval story in the Spenserian stanza.—*Lamia*, in the style of *Endymion*, suggested by the story of Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius*, of one of those antique witch-fiends called Lamia, whose vocation it was, in the guise of beautiful women, to allure and devour too amorous youths.—*Isabella*, a poetic tale taken from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*.—Odes to the *Bards of Passion and of Mirth, Fancy, and Autumn*. All these appeared together in 1820, the year of the poet's death.

If the *Endymion* and *Hyperion* can scarcely be classed with the very best English poems, such as *The Faery Queen*, *Comus*, or *Prometheus Unbound*, they contain many beauties and much charming imagery, and are full of the promise of future excellence: ecstatic imagination, and ideas imbued with the spirit of the old Hellenic genius (with which Keats was acquainted only at second-hand), of Spenser, and the best productions of the Italian and English 'pastoral' style of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth century. The want of human interest, on what just grounds (unless the phrase must be limited to mean the serious trifling of ordinary human life) it is not easy to understand, has been often objected to the immortal poems of Shelley; it is an objection, perhaps, more just in regard to Coleridge or Keats, and in respect of some other poets who are commonly credited with

that merit. In favour of the author of *Endymion*, however, it must be remembered that it was produced at an age to which an excess of the imaginative faculty, and a proportionate disregard of the realities of life, may easily be excused. It is generally believed, and it seems to have been the conviction of many of his friends at the time, that the critiques of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, and other magazines, had hastened, if not actually brought about, the premature end of their victim. To this belief Byron, who for himself had given the critics little reason to celebrate a triumph, gave a sanction in one of the cantos of *Don Juan* :—

‘John Keats, who was kill’d off by one critique
 Just as he really promised something great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
 Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate.
 ’Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
 Should let itself be snuff’d out by an article.’

The same conviction, most certainly sincere in the case of Shelley, inspired also that most exquisite of all elegies—the *Adonais*. Nevertheless, it is probable that the effect of the insolent abuse of the periodicals of the day, as *e.g.* the taunt that ‘a starved apothecary was better than a starved poet’ (alluding to the beginning of Keats’ career in a London hospital) upon his sensitive mind has been exaggerated. Other more real causes seem sufficient to account for the early death of one of the most promising of the priests of the Muses and of the ‘Bards of Passion.’

NATURA CONSOLATOR.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o’er-darken’d ways

Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Endymion.

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home :
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose :
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,

Cloys with tasting: what do, then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Moon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd: send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;

White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the beehive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Everything is spoilt by use :
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new ?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind :

Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

THE DOUBLE-LIFE OF POETS.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on lysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine, melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

CITY AND SUBURB.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.*
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

* So Milton in *Par. Lost*, ix. 445-455:—

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, &c.—See p. 189.

BYRON.

1788—1824.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Hours of Idleness*, 1807, attacked with an excess of critical severity by Brougham in the recently established *Edinburgh Review*.—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 1808, a satirical and exceedingly witty reply to his critics, upon whom he made a pitiless onslaught.—*Childe Harold* (first two cantos), 1812, the result of two years travelling in the Peninsula and in Greece; and written in the Spenserian stanza.—*The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*, 1813.—*The Corsair* and *Lara*, 1814, written, like the two former poems, in the versification of Scott, but with sufficient differences of style. They are romances founded upon Greek and Oriental life and scenery, and abound in interesting and charming situations. They at once secured the unbounded favour and admiration of the whole reading world; and Byron, at the age of twenty-five, was at the acknowledged as well as undoubted head of all the poets of his time, for Shelley was as yet unknown to fame. Until the turn in the public, or rather fashionable, feeling (caused by the revelations of his private life which followed on the separation from his wife after a twelvemonth's union) no writer ever received so unbounded adulation, excepting perhaps the author of *Candide* and *Zaire*: nor did those scandals affect so much his popularity as they provoked the somewhat arbitrary criticism of the world of fashion. In fact, it is certain that the 'wild' life of the noble poet, and the air of mystery which always hung about his career, contributed not a little to create the enthusiasm which the actual merits of his productions alone would scarcely have secured.—*The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, published about this period, betray something of the consciousness of the revolution of feeling, real or affected, towards him.—The third canto of *Childe Harold* was written and given to the world by the poet while, a voluntary exile, he was wandering about, chiefly in France and Switzerland. The fourth and concluding canto appeared in 1818.—*Mazeppa*, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, his dramas of *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, appeared between 1818 and 1821; having been written during his residence at Venice and Ravenna. *Manfred*, his earliest dramatic effort, had been produced some time before. The dramas, although exhibiting in many parts the splendid

genius of the poet, could not add much to his already great and deserved reputation. The genius and strength of Byron, which was essentially lyrical and descriptive, did not excel in that style of poetry which represents variety of character and professes to reveal the secret motives of human action.—The continuation and completion of *Don Juan*, extending to fifteen cantos, 1822, was his last great work.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the characteristic features of Byron's poetry—the most read, probably, of any in any age or country. His poetic fire, rapidity, grace, mingled irony and pathos have never been surpassed or indeed equalled. Improving upon the example of Scott, he was the first (in practice: in principle he appears from his published letters to have been more conservative) to break away from the traditions of the old 'classical' school, which too often considered the form rather than the substance. 'The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* are perhaps the greatest poetical works of this century,* and in his tales and minor poems there is a grace, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. *The Giaour* has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life. *The Prisoner of Chillon* is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The reality of the scenes in *Don Juan* must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrence, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts: it is more dramatic and life-like than any other of his numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of all his heroines. His Gulnares and Medoras, his corsairs and dark mysterious personages,—

Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes,—

are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tithe of the interest or permanent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in the Cyclades. The English descriptions in *Don Juan* are also far inferior. There is a palpable falling off in poetical powers, and the peculiar prejudices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought prominently

* Some may be disposed to think that the supreme poetic honour is due rather to the *Prometheus Unbound* or *The Cenci*—if by 'greatness' is meant at once sublimity of genius, true poetic feeling, and earnestness of moral purpose. To the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Byron may be more justly conceded the first place for 'brilliancy.'

forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the early light that "led astray." The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful and interesting (compared with Haidee, it is something like Fielding's Amelia coming after Sophia Western), and Newstead Abbey is described with a clearness and beauty not unworthy of the author of *Childe Harold*. The Epicurean philosophy of the *Childe* is visible in every page of *Don Juan*; but it is no longer grave, dignified, and misanthropical: it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest penetration, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from colloquial carelessness and ease to the highest and deepest tones of the lyre. The poet has the power of Mephistopheles over the scenes and passions of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings, and stripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Unfortunately his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The distinctions between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured in his own mind, and they are undistinguishable in *Don Juan*. Early sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous emotions and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and then dashes them with burlesque humour, wild profanity, and unseasonable merriment. In *Childe Harold* we have none of this moral anatomy, or its accompanying licentiousness: but there is abundance of scorn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambitions of mankind.'—*Cyclopædia of English Literature*. The well-known verse in which he characterises the great historian of the *Decline and Fall* as:

‘The lord of Irony—that master-spell’

might almost equally well be applied to himself, with the difference, however, that the *εἰρωνεία* of the poet wants the calm gravity of the historian. It is more akin, indeed, to the style (so far as the poetic style can be compared with prose) of the great French critic. Never, says Macaulay, had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair.

If we compare him with his contemporary Shelley, between whom and himself, as far as their different temperaments and opinions would allow, a friendship had been formed; though they both display a strong antagonism to, and impatience of, received religious and social dogmas, it is obvious to observe that, while with Byron the real or fancied injustice of fashionable society in, as he believed, *capriciously* selecting him as a sort of 'scape-goat' (but for which he might possibly have lived and died sufficiently orthodox) seems to have been the original cause of his hostility to it, with Shelley the actuating motive was a profound conviction, an over-mastering sympathy with suffering, and a genuine and ardent love of truth. With the one, in fine, a belief in his own *personal*, with the other a belief in *public* wrongs appears as the predominating influence—a characteristic difference which, even were we unacquainted with their personal histories, would be sufficiently apparent from the spirit of their respective writings.

THE FIRST DAY OF DEATH.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,*
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon :—
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power :
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !

The Giaour.

* Whose touch thrills with mortality,
 And curdles to the gazer's heart,

SUNSET IN HELLAS.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun :
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light,
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

.
But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,

And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

The Corsair.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
 The varying fortune of each separate field,
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
 In this the struggle was the same with all;
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their force
 In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:
 In either cause, one rage alone possess'd
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,
 And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land;
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily bread.

Lara.

TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard ;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word ;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Parisina.

THE TRUE SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

THE COLISEUM—PAST AND PRESENT.

HERE the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.*
 And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because

* This veritable Temple of Moloch, in which almost every species of living being, from man downwards—the most innocent equally with the most ferocious—was congregated in one indiscriminate mass by the Roman Emperors and Magistrates to amuse themselves and the starving and savage populace, must have often, literally, ‘flowed with rivers of blood,’ or would have done so but for the carefully prepared *arena* of porous soil. At the celebration of the Triumphs of Trajan more than 10,000 gladiators were doomed to mutual slaughter. On another occasion (in the reign of Carinus, A.D. 284) we are credibly informed that 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 stags, 1,000 fallow deer, besides numerous wild sheep and goats, were mingled together for indiscriminate slaughter by the wild beasts of the forest or the equally wild beasts of the city. Elephants, zebras, and giraffes were transported to Rome from the remotest parts of the known world for the same purpose. If the imperial city could boast of the superior scale on which these scenes were enacted, there was scarcely any city of importance within the wide limits of the Empire that had not its provincial Coliseum and ‘Circenses.’ The most famous scene of these fashionable butcheries—the Flavian amphitheatre or *Coliseum*—was ‘a building of an elliptic figure, 564 feet in length and 467 in breadth, founded on four score arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of 140 feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—

filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble likewise, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease above four-score thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages, and staircases were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which in any respect could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the *arena*, or stage, was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain might be suddenly converted into a wide lake covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. On the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber.'—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, xii.

The Circus Maximus, the largest of the many buildings of the kind at Rome, could contain 260,000 or even 385,000 spectators. The gladiatorial shows were continued for several years after the final triumph of Christianity; the other part of the entertainment was exhibited down to a much later period. Nor, indeed, is it altogether unknown, on a less magnificent scale, to modern Europe.

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday !—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unavenged ?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !

But here, where murder breathed her bloody steam ;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely
loud.

Id.

THE MIRACLES OF ART.

THERE, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty ; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail,
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away ! there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an
urn !

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate.
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest ; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us :—let it go !
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

.

Turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,— the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight :
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary Nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,

And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever blest
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought;
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, not laid
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which
 'twas wrought.

Id.

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCY AND THE OCEAN'S
 UNCHANGEABLENESS.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
Id.

DULCIA.

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen, as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Don Juan

THE SHIPWRECK.

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell ;
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Id.

DEATH OF HAIDEE.

AFRIC is all the Sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled ; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth :
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower ;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till, slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way ;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
E'en as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down ;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own ;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan ;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er ;
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain : her summon'd handmaids
bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store :
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still ;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead ;
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope : to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair ;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air :
Their energy, like life, forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,—
For, for a while, the Furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token, without knowing what ;
She saw them watch her, without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat :

Not speechless, though she spoke not ; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence, and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not :
Her father watch'd,—she turn'd her eyes away ;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day ;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot ;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay ;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be wean-
ing
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument :
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent ;
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-
sent ;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall,
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love ; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so, being : in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain-mists, at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness : she arose,
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close :—
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
E'en when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last,
Without a groan or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past :
And they who watch'd her nearest, could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh ! to possess such lustre, and then lack !

Thus lived—thus died she : never more on her
Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stay'd
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay.
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No one is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was : no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

EUPHEMISM.

TRUTH is always strange,
 Stranger than fiction : if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange !
 How differently the world would men behold !
 How oft would vice and virtue places change !
 The new world would be nothing to the old,
 If some Columbus of the moral seas
 Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

What 'antres vast and deserts idle' then
 Would be discover'd in the human soul !
 What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
 With self-love in the centre as their pole !
 What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
 Of those who hold the kingdoms in control !
 Were things but only call'd by their right name,
 Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

Id.

THE SECRET PASSION.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss ;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

DAUGHTERS OF JUDAH.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground:
 Its airy-step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
 Hath Judah witness'd there ;
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair.
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace :
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die ;
 And where our fathers' ashes be,
 Our own may never lie :
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Hebrew Melodies.

‘MALÆ TENEBRÆ ORCI!’

Oh ! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away! ye know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget—
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Id.

•

‘ANIMULA, VAGULA, BLANDULA.’

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A Thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the farthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.

And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure :
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

Id.

REMORSE

Oh, Mariamne ! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding ;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading :
 Ah ! could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead ?—and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving ?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair :
 The sword that smote her's o'er me waving—
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love !
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ;
She sank, with her my joys entombing ;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming ;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming ;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming !

Herod's lament for Mariamne.

SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

PRINCIPAL WORKS:—*Queen Mab*, 1810, written at the age of eighteen, and printed for private distribution amongst his friends by the author, who never allowed it to be published, partly, it seems, from that modesty which is one of the most amiable characteristics of true genius, and partly from fear of the virulence of prejudice and interest. ‘When it was written,’ says Mrs. Shelley, ‘he had come to the decision that he was too young to be a “judge of controversies;” and he was desirous of acquiring “that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism.” But he never doubted the truth or utility of his opinions; and in printing and privately distributing *Queen Mab* he believed that he should further their dissemination, without occasioning the mischief either to others or himself that might arise from publication.’ The plan of the poem is wonderfully original and imaginative, and it gave full scope for the expression of his philosophical convictions and sublime aspirations. It is characterised by the exceeding melody of the verse, intense feeling, and sublimity of thought. The persecution to which he was subjected, notwithstanding the limited circulation of *Queen Mab*, justified his prudence, though it was of little avail, in withholding it from a wider circle during his lifetime.—*Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, 1815, his next considerable poem, ‘represents,’ as he tells us, ‘a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe.’ It was composed at a time when he supposed himself to be near his dissolution, and it breathes, accordingly, the solemn spirit of one about to take an everlasting farewell of the beauty and majesty of Nature.—*The Revolt of Islam*, 1817, in a similar allegorical strain, the loftiness of tone of which, no less than its somewhat obscure style, was little likely to secure the suffrages of ordinary readers and thinkers. ‘The poem which I now present to the world,’ wrote Shelley, ‘is an attempt from which I scarcely dare to expect success, and in which a writer of established fame might fail without disgrace. It is an experiment on the temper of the public mind, as to how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives, among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age in which we live. I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal

combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion—all those elements which essentially compose a poem, in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice—that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence, nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice, can ever totally extinguish among mankind.’

The opening stanzas addressed to his wife and faithful friend, the future appreciative editor of his works, revealing the secret sorrows of his heart, his early sufferings as a school-boy from the tyranny of both masters and associates, whose vulgar souls, or rather animal constitutions, were utterly incapable of appreciating the sensitiveness and susceptibility of a mind too great and noble for so delicate a corporeal frame, and his after experience in the world, whose thoughts were not as his thoughts, are of surpassing sweetness and of exquisite pathos.—The *Prometheus Unbound*, 1818, ‘as mystical and metaphysical,’ as it has been described, ‘and as daringly sceptical as any of his former works.’ This poem, perhaps his master-piece, is founded upon the well-known Hellenic myth of the sufferings inflicted by Zeus on the would-be benefactor of the human race, to which by origin he only half belonged. Like all his writings, it abounds in beautiful as well as earnest thoughts, and in exquisite imagery: and the songs of the sympathetic spirits attendant upon the sufferer are especially charming. ‘It was chiefly written,’ says Shelley, ‘upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades, and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platform and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The light blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.’ The *moral* inspiration was the most sublime it is possible to conceive. ‘Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. . . . That man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system. And the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of One warring with the Evil Principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity.’

In the *Prometheus Unbound*, of all his poems, his love of idealising and spiritualising, which he may have derived in part, though with a far higher sense, from the antique masters of Tragedy, is most apparent. ‘More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery. Shelley loved to idealise the real—to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to

bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind.'—*The Cenci*, 1819, also composed at Rome, his single effort in tragic poetry; which evinces that in that province, had his predilections lain there, he would in all probability have achieved a reputation second to none. It is founded upon the essentially tragic history of the celebrated Beatrice Cenci. The innocence and almost unparalleled woes* (worthy of the Hellenic drama), the exceeding beauty of the heroine, which is immortalised by Guido, the monstrous character of the old Cenci, with the fate of the rest of the family—all contribute to render this fearful history well fitted for the subject of a tragic poem, though, perhaps, not for representation on the stage. Since Otway's *Venice Preserved*, or rather since the Shakespearian drama, there is no tragedy in the English language equal to it 'as an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion.' 'The drama which I now present to you,' writes Shelley in dedicating it to his friend Leigh Hunt, 'is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' Universal approbation soon stamped *The Cenci* as the best tragedy of modern times. Writing concerning it, Shelley said: 'I have been cautious to avoid the introducing faults of youthful composition, diffuseness, a profusion of inapplicable imagery, vagueness, generality, and, as Hamlet says, *words, words*.' 'There is nothing that is not purely dramatic throughout; and the character of Beatrice, proceeding from vehement struggle to horror, to deadly resolution, and, lastly, to the elevated dignity of calm suffering joined to passionate tenderness and pathos, is touched with hues so vivid and so beautiful, that the poet seems to have read intimately the secrets of the noble heart imaged in the lovely countenance of the unfortunate girl. The fifth act is a masterpiece. It is the finest thing he ever wrote, and may claim proud comparison, not only with any contemporary, but with any preceding poet. The varying feelings of Beatrice are expressed with passionate, heart-reaching eloquence. Every character has a voice that echoes truth in its tones. It is curious, to one acquainted with the written story, to mark the success with which the poet has inwoven the real incidents of the tragedy into his scenes, and yet, through the power of poetry, has obliterated all that would otherwise have shown too harsh, or too hideous in the picture. His success was a double triumph; and often after he was earnestly entreated to write again in a style that commanded popular favour, while it was not less instinct with truth and genius. But the bent of his mind went the other way, and even when employed on subjects whose interest depended on character and incident, he would start off in another direction and leave the delineations of human passion, which he could depict in

* 'Ἀρρητ' ἀνωνόμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα.—Eurip. *Hecuba*.

so able a manner, for fantastic creations of his fancy or the expression of those opinions and sentiments with regard to human nature and its destiny, a desire to diffuse which was the master passion of his soul.'—*The Witch of Atlas* and other smaller poems, 1820.—*Hellas*, inspired by the commencing struggle of the modern Hellenes to throw off the foreigners' yoke, and *Adonais*, 1821. The latter, an elegy on the death of his friend, Keats, scarcely excepting Milton's *Lycidas*, is the most exquisite and pathetic *In Memoriam* ever composed. That the eulogy of the supposed martyred poet, and the indignation at his literary assassins may seem extravagant, does not detract from the intrinsic merits of the poem.—*The Sensitive Plant*, *Ode to a Skylark*, and *The Cloud*, 1820, are some of the most charming among the collection of his miscellaneous pieces, which are all penetrated, more or less, with a divine enthusiasm. The *Ode to a Skylark*, may be thought one of the most sublime of all Shelley's inspirations: in point of rapt and genuine feeling and sympathy with the subject, it is, indeed, unrivalled in any language. He pours out his whole soul in ecstatic rapture, and with the Lark mounts 'higher still and higher.'

It has been already observed that it is given to few only to properly appreciate the poetry, and still less the inspiring influences, of Shelley. He is too much in earnest, too spiritual, too conscious of human suffering and human destiny, to find sympathy amongst the superficial crowd. With the select few, however, he will always occupy, it may be presumed, one of the very highest places in the ranks of the immortals. He is pre-eminently the most *spiritual* of all poets: he is the most 'one with Nature.' He is, pre-eminently, the Prophet-Poet: the English Isaiah in verse. A more glorious title to admiration even than his exquisite genius, his profound sympathy with the suffering and wrongs of all sentient life, his unaffected hatred of all injustice and oppression, his fervent and all-mastering love of truth, and his gentleness and refinement of soul demand the reverence of all to whom it is given to know and to *approve* the truth; at whose simple but sublime altar sacrificing rank, wealth, and all that the world holds dear, he has earned, by the witness of 'a good confession,' an exalted place for ever amongst 'the noble army of martyrs.' In reading him, more than any other of the world's intellectual luminaries, it is possible to feel:

'How charming is Divine Philosophy:
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

It may be thought that his well-known religious convictions demand some notice, even in so slight a sketch of his works: but, it may also be thought by some that so solemn a subject is best and most wisely left to the test of the individual conscience. There seems a certain fitness in the end of so ethereal a nature. Drowned while on a boating

excursion in the bay of Spezzia, his body, after its recovery, according to the then practice of the Italian governments in the case of bodies washed ashore, was burned to ashes on the funeral pyre, and so was reduced to its original elements. The collected ashes were finally interred in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn,
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?

Will Ianthé wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thaw'd the cold heart of a Conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are closed,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby-Sleep is pillow'd.
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.

Queen Mab.

THE VICTORY.

HARK ! whence that rushing sound !
 'Tis like the wondrous strain
 That round a lonely ruin swells,
 Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
 The enthusiast hears at evening :
 'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh ;
 'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
 Of that strange lyre whose strings
 The genii of the breezes sweep :
 Those lines of rainbow light

Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Faery Queen !
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air ;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light :
These the Queen of Spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh ! not the vision'd poet in his dreams,
When silvery clouds float through the 'wilder'd brain,
When every sight of lovely, wild, and grand,
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates—
When fancy at a glance combines
The wondrous and the beautiful—
So bright, so wild, so fair a shape
Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which rein'd the coursers of the air,
And pour'd the magic of her gaze
Upon the sleeping maid.

The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form—
That form of faultless symmetry ;
The pearly and pellucid car
Moved not the moonlight's line :
'Twas not an earthly pageant ;
Those who had look'd upon the sight,

Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,
Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night-wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That fill'd the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight; yon fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion
Sway'd to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended,
And thrice she waved her wand
Circled with wreaths of amaranth:
Her thin and misty form,
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear:

'Stars! your balmiest influence shed!
Elements! your wrath suspend!
Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds
That circle thy domain!

Let not a breath be seen to stir
Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,
Let even the restless gossamer
Sleep on the moveless air!
Soul of Ianthe! thou,
Judged alone worthy of the envied boon,
That waits the good and the sincere; that waits
Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
Vanquish'd earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,
The icy chains of Custom, and have shone
The day-stars of their age:—Soul of Ianthe!
Awake! Arise!

Sudden arose
Ianthe's soul: it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace:
Each stain of earthliness
Had pass'd away, it reassumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin.

Id.

THE PALACE OF QUEEN MAB.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast linger'd there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seem'd resting on the burnish'd wave,
Thou must have mark'd the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:

Thou must have mark'd the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
 Towering like rocks of jet
 Crown'd with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
 When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
 Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
 Like islands on a dark blue sea ;
Then has thy fancy soar'd above the earth,
And furl'd its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
 Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnish'd ocean-waves,
 Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall !
As Heaven, low-resting on the wave, it spread
 Its floors of flashing light,
 Its vast and azure dome,
 Its fertile golden islands
 Floating on a silver sea :
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Look'd o'er the immense of Heaven.

Id.

‘NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH WHEREIN
DWELLETH RIGHTEOUSNESS.’

THEN in her triumph spoke the Faery Queen :
I will not call the ghost of ages gone
To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore ;

 The present now is past,
And those events that desolate the earth,
Have faded from the memory of Time,
Who dares not give reality to that
Whose being I annul. To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep,
Space, matter, time, and mind. Futurity
Exposes now its treasure : let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.
O, human Spirit ! spur thee to the goal
Where virtue fixes universal peace,
And, midst the ebb and flow of human things,
Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,
A light-house o’er the wild of dreary waves.

The habitable earth is full of bliss ;
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurl’d
By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,
Where matter dared not vegetate nor live,
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed,
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles,
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep that rolls
Its broad, bright surges, to the sloping sand,
Whose roar is waken’d into echoings sweet,
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves,
And melodise with man’s blest nature there.

Those deserts of immeasurable sand,
Whose age-collected fervours scarce allow'd
A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,
Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love,
Broke on the sultry silentness alone,
Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,
Corn-fields, and pastures, and white cottages ;
And where the startled wilderness beheld
A savage conqueror stain'd in kindred blood,
A tigress sating with the flesh of lambs
The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs,
While shouts and howlings through the desert rang ;
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sun-rise, smiles
To see a babe before his mother's door,
 Sharing his morning's meal
 With the green and golden basilisk
 That comes to lick his feet.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail
Has seen above the illimitable plain
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves
So long have mingled with the gusty wind
In melancholy loneliness, and swept
The desert of those ocean solitudes,
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm ;
Now to the sweet and many mingling sounds
Of kindest human impulses respond.
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,

And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,
To meet the kisses of the flowerets there.

All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life :
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness :
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad :
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glowing in the fruits, and mantles on the stream :
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees ;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,
Whose virgin-bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint, and blushes into love.

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood :
There might you see him sporting in the sun
Beside the dreadless kid ; his claws are sheathed,
His teeth are harmless, custom's force has made
His nature as the nature of a lamb.
Like passion's fruit, the nightshade's tempting bane
Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows :
All bitterness is past ; the cup of joy
Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,
And courts the thirsty lips it fled before.

But chief, ambiguous man, he that can know
More misery, and dream more joy than all ;
Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast
To mingle with a loftier instinct there,
Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,
Yet raising, sharpening, and refining each ;
Who stands amid the ever-varying world,
The burthen or the glory of the earth ;
He chief perceives the change : his being notes
The gradual renovation, and defines
Each movement of its progress on his mind.

.
Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind ;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wake
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him (still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which from the exhaustless store of human weal
Draws on the virtuous mind) the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks
The unprevailing hoariness of age,
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremember'd vision, stands
Immortal upon earth : no longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,
And horridly devours his mangled flesh,
Which, still avenging nature's broken law,
Kindled all putrid humours in his frame,
All evil passions, and all vain belief,
Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.
No longer now the winged habitants,

That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man ; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror : man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals : happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth ;
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame.
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,
Reason and passion cease to combat there ;
Whilst each unfetter'd o'er the earth extends
Its all-subduing energies, and wields
The sceptre of a vast dominion there ;
Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends
Its force to the omnipotence of mind,
Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth
To decorate its paradise of peace.

O happy Earth, reality of Heaven !
To which those restless souls that ceaselessly
Throng through the human universe, aspire ;
Thou consummation of all mortal hope !
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will !
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,
Verge to one point and blend for ever there :
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place !
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,
Languor, disease, and ignorance, dare not come :
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven !.

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams ;
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,

Haunting the human heart, have there entwined,
Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.
Thou art the end of all desire and will,
The product of all action ; and the souls
That by the paths of an aspiring change
Have reach'd thy haven of perpetual peace,
There rest from the eternity of toil
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness.

Id.

THE HAVEN AFTER THE STORM.

So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faëry,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars, of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended—and the fruit is at thy feet !
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen :
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend,
when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walk'd forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasp'd my hands and look'd around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which pour'd their warm drops on the sunny
ground—
So, without shame, I spake:—'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controll'd
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and
bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind:
Thus power and hope were strengthen'd more and
more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one !—
Such once I sought in vain ; then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone :—
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crush'd and wither'd mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walk'd as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journey'd now : no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went—
There is the wisdom of a stern content
When Poverty can blight the just and good,
When Infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherish'd friends turn with the multitude
To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken stood !

Now has descended a serener hour,
And with inconstant fortune, friends return :
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power
Which says :—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.

And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn :
And these delights, and thou, have been to me
The parents of the Song I consecrate to thee.

Is it, that now my inexperienced fingers
But strike the prelude of a loftier strain ?
Or, must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,
Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign,
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,
Holier than was Amphion's ? I would fain
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.
The Revolt of Islam.

THE HYMN.

(Voice in the air, singing).*

LIFE of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them ;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

* On the approaching termination of the sufferings of Prometheus, at once the representative and redeemer of Humanity, the Earth begins to assume the appearance of a renovated world.

Fair are others ; none behold thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour,
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

*Asia.**

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
 And thine doth like an angel sit,
 Beside the helm conducting it,
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, for ever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wildernesses !
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.
 Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions ;

* One of the Oceanides, wife of the Titan Prometheus, who, with her sister Nymphs Panthea and Ione, is one of the personages of the drama. See the *Prometheus Bound*, and the fragments of the *Prometheus Unbound* of Æschylus, the 'grandest' of all the products of the Hellenic Tragic Muse.

Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided :
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day ;
A paradise of vaulted bowers
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld ; somewhat like thee ;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously !
Prometheus Unbound, II. 5.

SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

‘The former things are passed away.’

Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder fill'd
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
There was a change : the impalpable thin air,
And the all-circling sunlight were transform'd,

As if the sense of love, dissolved in them,
Had folded itself round the sphered world.
My vision then grew clear, and I could see
Into the mysteries of the universe :
Dizzy as with delight I floated down,
Winnowing the lightsome air with languid plumes,
My coursers sought their birth-place in the sun,
Where they henceforth will live exempt from toil,
Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire.
And where my moonlike car will stand within
A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms
Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and me,
And you fair nymphs, looking the love we feel,
In memory of the tidings it has borne,
Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,
Poised on twelve columns of resplendent stone,
And open to the bright and liquid sky:
Yoked to it by an amphisbænic snake,
The likeness of those winged steeds will mock
The flight from which they find repose. Alas !
Whither has wander'd now my partial tongue,
When all remains untold which ye would hear ?—
As I have said, I floated to the earth :
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be. I wandering went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change, as I had felt within,
Express'd in outward things ; but soon I look'd,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walk'd
One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawn'd, none trampled ; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,

‘ All hope abandon, ye who enter here ; ’ *
None frown’d, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another’s eye of cold command,
Until the subject of a tyrant’s will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurr’d him, like an outspent horse, to death.
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdain’d to speak ;
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart
The sparks of love and hope till there remain’d
Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire amongst men,
Infecting all with his own hideous ill :
None talk’d that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,
Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, past ; gentle radiant forms,
From Custom’s evil taint exempt and pure ;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they fear’d to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being new, made earth like heaven ; nor pride,
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill-shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons, wherein
And beside which, by wretched men were borne
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes

* ‘ *Lasciate ogni speranza voi che’ ntrate.*’—*Divina Com. : Inferno*, iii.

Of reason'd wrong, glozed on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,
The ghosts of a no more remember'd fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors; mouldering round
Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools
And emblems of its last captivity,
Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
And those foul shapes, abhorr'd by God and man,
Which, under many a name and many a form,
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love
Dragg'd to his altars soil'd and garlandless,
And slain among men's unreclaiming tears,
Flattering the thing they fear'd, which fear was hate,
Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandon'd shrines:
The painted veil, by those who were, called Life,
Which mimick'd, as with colours idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside:
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclass'd, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise; but man
Passionless—no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made and suffer'd them.
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,

From Chance, and Death, and Mutability,
 The clogs of that which else might oversoar
 The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
 Pinnacled dim in the intense Inane.*

Id. III. 4.

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.†

The Earth.

THE joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !
 The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
 The vapourous exultation not to be confined !
 Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight
 Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
 And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

The Moon.

Brother mine, calm wanderer,
 Happy globe of land and air,
 Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,
 Which penetrates my frozen frame,
 And passes with the warmth of flame,
 With love, and odour, and deep melody
 Through me, through me !

The Earth.

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
 My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains,

* Whatever may be thought of the *expediency* or Utopianism, there can be but one opinion, it may be presumed, as to the melody and sweetness of the language, and the lofty faith of this dream of an Astræa Redux, and a Golden Age to be.

† The 'Hallelujah Chorus,' as it may be termed, celebrating in jubilant and ecstatic song the completed Redemption.

Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter :
 The oceans, and the deserts, and the abysses,
 And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,
 Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing
 after.

.

The Moon.

The shadow of white death has past
 From my path in heaven at last,
 A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep ;
 And through my newly-woven bowers,
 Wander happy paramours,
 Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep
 Thy vales more deep.

The Earth.

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
 A half unfrozen dew-globe, green, and gold,
 And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,
 And wanders up the vault of the blue day,
 Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray
 Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

The Moon.

Thou art folded, thou art lying
 In the light which is undying
 Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile divine :
 All suns and constellations shower
 On thee a light, a life, a power
 Which doth array thy sphere ; thou pourest thine
 On mine, on mine !

The Earth.

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,
Which points into the heavens dreaming delight,
Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep ;
As a youth lull'd in love-dreams faintly sighing,
Under the shadow of his beauty lying,
Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth
doth keep.

The Moon.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;
So, when thy shadow falls on me,
Then am I mute and still, by thee
Cover'd : of thy love, orb most beautiful,
Full, oh, too full !

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one ;
Green and azure sphere which shinest
With a light which is divinest
Among all the lamps of heaven
To whom life and light is given :
I, thy crystal paramour,
Borne beside thee by a power
Like the polar paradise,
Magnet-like, of lovers' eyes ;
I, a most enamour'd maiden,
Whose weak brain is overladen
With the pleasure of her love,
Maniac-like, around thee move
Gazing, an insatiate bride,
On thy form from every side,

Like a Mænad, round the cup
 Which Agave lifted up
 In the weird Cadmæan forest.
 Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest
 I must hurry, whirl and follow
 Through the heavens wide and hollow,
 Shelter'd by the warm embrace
 Of thy soul from hungry space,
 Drinking from thy sense and sight
 Beauty, majesty, and might,
 As a lover, or cameleon
 Grows like what it looks upon ;
 As a violet's gentle eye
 Gazes on the azure sky
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds
 As a grey and watery mist
 Glows like solid amethyst
 Athwart the western mountain it enfolds
 When the sunset sleeps
 Upon its snow.

Id. iv.

THE ELEGY OF ELEGIES.

I WEEP for ADONAI—he is dead !
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say : with me
 Died Adonais. Till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fame and fate shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity !

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? Where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamour'd breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorn'd and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet, wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air!
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old and lonely, when his country's pride!
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mock'd with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood: he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of Light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perish'd; others, more sublime,

Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene
 abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perish'd,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower, by some sad maiden cherish'd,
 And fed with true love tears instead of dew :
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipt before they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste :
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came, and bought, with price of purest breath.
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay :
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place :
 The eternal Hunger sits ; but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
 Winged Persuasions, and veil'd Destinies,
 Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarna-
 tions
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp—the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and, her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimm'd the ærial eyes that kindle day :
 Afar the melancholy thunder moan'd,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perch'd on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain they pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds *—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

.

* See the beautiful story of the Nymph Echo and her fatal love for Narcissus, whose voice she is condemned by the vengeance of Juno to vainly repeat while she madly pursues him, until she pines away and is metamorphosed into the 'shadow of all sounds.' (Ovid. *Metam.* iii. 6.)

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year :
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone,
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear,
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier,
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere,
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood, and stream, and field, and hill, and
ocean,
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world, when first
God dawn'd on Chaos : in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light :
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath,
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance ; they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning ? the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !
Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene

The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet mass'd in death, who lends what life must
borrow.

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
sorrow.

He will awake no more—oh, never more!
'Wake thou!' cried Misery; 'childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart's core
A wound more fierce than his tears and sighs.'
And all the Dreams that watch'd Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried 'Arise!'
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows, wild and drear,
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Has left the earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,
So sadden'd round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps, and cities rough with stone, and
steel,
And human hearts which, to her aëry tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:

And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than
 they,
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

.
 Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep ;
 He hath awaken'd from the dream of life ;—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel : fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
 clay.

He has out-soar'd the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again.
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain :
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

.
Adonais.

DEATH'S TERRORS AND REFUGE.

(Beatrice, *wildly*.)*

Oh,

My God! Can it be possible I have
 To die so suddenly? So young to go
 Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
 To be nail'd down into a narrow place;
 To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
 Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost!
 How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be—
 What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!
 Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! if there should
 be

No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world,
 The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
 If all things then should be—my father's spirit,
 His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me,
 The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
 If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
 Even the form which tortured me on earth,
 Mask'd in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come,
 And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
 For was he not alone omnipotent
 On Earth, and ever present? Even though dead,

* Awaiting, with her mother Lucretia, the advent of her legal murderers. Compare the similar situations—the first horror and despair, and after sublime resignation—of Polyxena and Iphigeneia in the *Hecabe* and *Iphigeneia at Aulis* of Euripides—for *human* interest and pathos, the first of the old-world dramatists.

Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
 And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
 Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet return'd
 To teach the laws of Death's untrodden realm?
 Unjust, perhaps, as those which drive us now—
 O, whither, whither?

(Lucretia.)

Trust in God's sweet love,
 The tender promises of Christ : ere night,
 Think we shall be in paradise.

(Beatrice.)

'Tis past !

Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
 And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill :
 How tedious, false, and cold seem all things ! I
 Have met with much injustice in this world ;
 No difference has been made by God or man,
 Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
 'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
 I am cut off from the only world I know,
 From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
 You do well telling me to trust in God :
 I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
 Can any trust ? And yet my heart is cold.

.

Worse than despair,
 Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope :
 It is the only ill which can find place
 Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
 Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
 That it should spare the eldest flower of spring :
 Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch

Even now a city stands, strong, fair and free;
 Now stench and blackness yawns, like death. O, plead
 With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,
 Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
 Cruel, cold, formal man; righteous in words,
 In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
 Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
 Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
 And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
 Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
 To death as to life's sleep, 'twere just the grave
 Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
 And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
 Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
 And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.

The Cenci, v.

‘Virgine sola al mondo senza esempio,
 Che ’l ciel di tue bellezze innamorasti.’

SERAPH of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
 Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
 All that is insupportable in thee
 Of light, and love, and immortality! *
 Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
 Veil'd Glory of this lampless Universe!
 Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
 Among the Dead! Thou Star above the Storm!

* This rapturous apostrophe to the Queen of Heaven may be supposed to have been inspired, in particular, by that divinest among all the glorious conceptions of the masters of painting, the ‘Madonna di San Sisto.’—Compare Dante’s address to the ‘Virgin Mother,’ *Del Paradiso*, xxxiii.

Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror !
 Thou Harmony of Nature's art ! Thou Mirror
 In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,
 All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on !
 Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now
 Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustom'd glow :
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
 All of its much mortality and wrong
 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
 Weeping till sorrow becomes ecstasy.

.
 See where she stands ! a mortal shape endued
 With love, and life, and light, and deity,
 And motion which may change but cannot die ;
 An image of some bright Eternity ;
 A shadow of some golden dream ; a Splendour
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender
 Reflection on the eternal Moon of Love,
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;
 A Metaphor of Spring, and Youth, and Morning ;
 A vision like incarnate April, warning,
 With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
 Into his summer grave.

Epipsychidion.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not :
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
And the young Winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The Snowdrop, and then the Violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied Wind-flowers and the Tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like Lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the Hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the Rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like Lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the Jessamine faint, and the sweet Tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

.
The Sensitive Plant.

‘ Der Wahn ist kurz, die Reu’ ist lang.’

WHEN the lamp is shatter’d,
The light in the dust lies dead —

When the cloud is scatter’d,
The rainbow’s glory is shed;

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember’d not;

When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart’s echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—

No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin’d cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman’s knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest:

The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.

O, Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high:

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle-home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

TO THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd:
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure—
Thou wilt never come for pity,

Thou wilt come for pleasure :—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost :
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.
Between thee and me
What difference ? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love ; though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

ODE TO HEAVEN.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights!

Paradise of golden lights!

Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then!
Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
Presence-chamber, temple, home,
Ever-canopying dome,
Of acts and ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee,

Earth, and all Earth's company;

Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses,
And green worlds that glide along,
And swift stars with flashing tresses,
And icy moons most cold and bright,
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

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[AUGUST 1872.]

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